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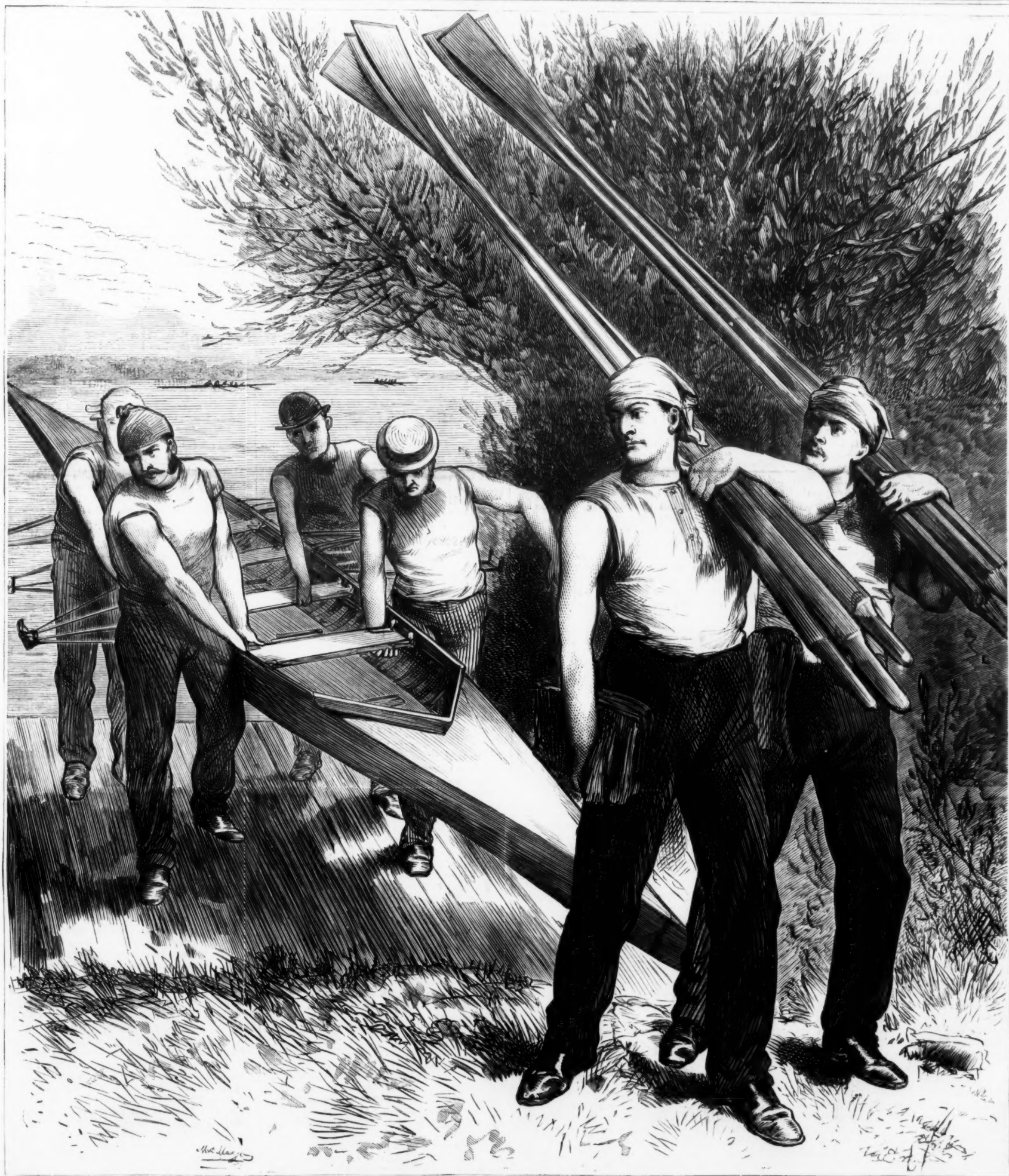
NEWSPAPER

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No. 981—Vol. XXXVIII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1874.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



PREPARING FOR THE REGATTA ON SARATOGA LAKE.
THE YALE CREW RETURNING FROM THEIR PRACTICE.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 295.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest
 established illustrated newspaper in America.

Mr. B. L. Furjeon has finished a serial story
 entitled,

"AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON,"

which will soon be published in FRANK LESLIE'S
 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We may say, that of all
 of Mr. Furjeon's stories, this new one is the best.

Next week we shall present gratuitously to our
 readers, with our regular issue, an illustrated
 Supplement, equal to four pages, showing the
 beauties of LAKE SARATOGA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS,
 including views of the College boat-houses.

POLITICAL DOG-DAYS.

THE people of the South are, from a climatic
 or some other cause, inactive, unpractical,
 and romantic. Their sentimentalism is al-
 ways warm; and they are descendants of the
 Crusaders rather than of the Puritans. Their
 imaginations act more impulsively than the
 cold sense of the Northerners; and it is hardly
 any wonder that they welcome the anomaly
 of a man whose calculation is to fill a third
 Presidential term. No matter that Governor
 Kemper, measured by Governors like Dix,
 Hendricks and Booth, is not a strong man;
 the Casarian operation which he has per-
 formed on his imagination, producing Grant,
 will attract the romantic sympathy of the old
 Democratic element of the South. If this were
 not known to be so by one of the acutest of
 politicians, it might be that Grant would not
 suddenly think of keeping a promise of thirty
 years' standing to visit an old Virginian aunt.
 So he has Southern relatives!

We can scarcely dismiss the idea that Grant
 means a third term, that he knows he
 cannot receive it from the Republican Party,
 and that the South is every way desirous of
 retrieving lost vanity. In 1861 the South was
 ready for a monarchy composed of provinces as
 for a confederacy of States, and the reputation of
 Lee for purity and simplicity was such, that if
 he had won he might have had any title he
 chose. Why not his conqueror? We do not
 believe that Grant means anything but a third
 term; but what limitation is there upon the
 warm, enthusiastic Southern imagination? Another
 element of strength in this dream is that the
 South knows that the Northern Demo-
 crats have ingrained loyalty to anything that
 comes from the old plantation platform. Per-
 haps we exaggerate the topic; but we
 know that human nature is susceptible of
 dreams; that Kemper and thousands of Kem-
 pers, North and South, would rather have a
 Democratic semi-sovereign than a Republican
 President; and that a people who go half-mad
 over tails of comets and theories of money and
 fears of hydrophobia, are not lacking in that
 warmth of imagination which defies its heroes.
 Said a Chinese priest to the writer once, "Our
 Joss is an idol, and we exaggerate him to
 please the imagination of the crowd."

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH
 THEM?

SENATOR MORTON informs his political
 organ, the Indianapolis Journal, that the
 Republican Congressmen parted in good spirits,
 and he leads us to believe that they are united
 in their adherence to the Republican Party.
 This is only one of many indications that the
 party has not dissolved. We must not under-
 estimate the personal and political strength of
 the Republican leaders, for, though their titles
 depend upon the wishes of their constituents,
 they are men known in their own communi-
 ties, and men, moreover, of experience. It
 would be strange if they had not learned to
 hold power as well as to obtain it. They have
 their places in politics, and much depends
 upon themselves, as well as upon their con-
 stituents. They are usually the few foremost
 men of their States and districts.

The Republican Senators and Representatives
 of the West have endeavored to win the Inde-
 pendent movement, rather than to be won by
 it. Senator Logan is a Republican. Senator
 Morton clings tenaciously to Republicanism.
 The Republicans of the East are certainly no
 less Republican than they were; and such a
 man as Senator Fenton, a skillful and experi-
 enced politician, resumes his place in the Re-
 publican ranks. Even the Independent editors
 hope for nothing more than the shelving of
 Grant. These editors and Congressmen do
 not become Democrats. Nor do we believe
 that any appreciable number of them will be-

come such. Many of them have no right to
 be anything but Republicans. For instance,
 Anthony of Rhode Island, who is spoken of
 for the Presidential succession, will be no-
 thing but what he has been since he began to
 champion the purest measures of his party.
 John Sherman, whose brain is the financial
 history of Congress, is not likely to be anything
 but a Republican. Would any one be so un-
 wise as to think of Conkling as belonging to
 any other party than that in which he has
 won so much fame? And Sargent, a po-
 litical cyclopedia and an earnest fighter, is
 not one whom we could easily put into any
 new party.

The Republican delegation in the House
 from New York State is strong in personal
 material and in political ability; and it is
 a unit for the party. Massachusetts will
 scarcely change her colors; and if she will
 compel Rice to be Governor she may be strong
 as she was in the days of John A. Andrew.
 Michigan will not change the politics of her
 delegation. In the whole country the Repub-
 licans can hardly lose half of their Representa-
 tives, and if they lost half they would have
 only one member less than the Democrats
 have; and we are not certain to whom they
 could lose. It is not likely that the Inde-
 pendents and the Democrats will ever coalesce
 on the financial question. Paper would be
 a queer winding-sheet for even the Demo-
 cratic Party. We do not conceive, however,
 that the Republicans will be a minority of the
 next Congress, which is to meet a year from
 next Winter. Nothing can change the com-
 plexion of the Senate. Pratt of Indiana may
 lose his seat; though we doubt that it will be
 held by any other than a Republican. A
 Republican will be returned from Maine—
 doubtless Hamlin. Chandler will go back
 from Michigan; and Schurz of Missouri
 would not be exactly a Republican loss. New
 Jersey has a chance to return a Republican in
 place of a Democrat. Both Rhode Island and
 Pennsylvania are certain. At the worst, there
 can be no change in the majority. The only
 people who are at all likely to have their
 strength decreased are the Liberal Republi-
 cans, who, we believe, still exist.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

POETS have written of the Mystery of the
 Sea. Also the watering-place reporter has
 from time immemorial made it a practice to
 mix allusions to the Mystery aforesaid with
 his more prosaic descriptions of feminine
 dress. Curiously enough, the reporter has
 had a vague conception of the nature of this
 Mystery, while the poets, one and all, have
 failed to pierce its baffling cloudiness. When
 Mr. Tupper, or Dr. Holland, for example, speak
 of the "mysterious ocean" they are utterly
 unable to explain in what its quality of mys-
 tery consists. But the reporter, when he has
 mentioned mystery and *moiré antique* in con-
 tiguous sentences, has, unconsciously to him-
 self, perhaps, verged close to the solution of
 the nebulous puzzle. For the Mystery of
 the Sea is one with the mystery of
 feminine dress, and is forced upon the shrink-
 ing masculine mind when the ladies of Long
 Branch and Newport enter the surf clothed on
 with flannel.

Why the present feminine bathing-dress is
 permitted to blight the beauty of the seashore
 is the problem which successive genera-
 tions of seaside loiterers have vainly sought to
 solve. It combines whatever is hideous in
 pattern, ugly in material and pitiless in its
 power of undesirable revelation. Any theory
 that may be formed in regard to its primal
 purpose is easily shown to be entirely unten-
 able. Take, for example, the theory that it
 was designed by a bony enemy of feminine
 plumpness to conceal the inventor's impertinent
 angles and maddening bones. But let the
 confiding female, conscious of bones, and burn-
 ing to conceal them, array herself in flannel
 trousers and long and ample skirt. The first
 waves wrap the trousers about her warning
 legs, tosses the skirt in fierce derision around
 her repelling waist, and fendishly flattens her
 upper garment to the violent inequalities of
 her scanty figure, so that she stands a bony
 beacon to warn young men against the risks
 of matrimony. The flannel which she trusted
 has basely betrayed her, and the skirt that
 should have concealed her, has joined with the
 faithless trousers to emphasize her bones and
 to call mankind to witness the hollow mockery
 of her meagre muscles.

Does any one prefer the theory that the
 flannel blouse and trousers were the kind de-
 vice of generous plumpness, willing to display
 its lines of curving beauty to an admiring
 beach? This also is untenable. The sea, in-
 satiate in its relentless misogyny, rushes with
 foaming rage to transform the plump beauty
 into a parody of a well-stuffed bolster. The
 full trousers stream seaward with the return-
 ing wave, and transform the most shapely limb
 into the semblance of a colored clapboard.
 The blouse collapses without regard to the
 subtle delicacies of muscle that make the
 female form divine, and becomes a shapeless
 bag, tied in the middle as though its wearer
 were to be hung limply across a saddle-
 bow. The pattern and the material are
 again at fault, and it becomes an open
 question whether the thin bather with her
 aggressive bones or the plump person with
 her preposterous likeness to a noddily animate
 bolster is the better adapted to wreck our

faith in woman and to leave us a prey to the
 chilling belief that at the touch of the talis-
 manic surf the loveliest of her sex is stripped
 of the false graces that have allured our
 glamourized eyes.

This, then, is the real Mystery of the Sea;
 the mystery of the blouse, the mystery
 of the trousers, and the deep and awful
 mystery of flannel. Arrayed in these fright-
 ful garments, and exposed to the rough
 handling of the reckless surf, even the angelic
 hosts would become so unspeakably ugly that
 the most obtuse of men would shrink from the
 touch of their bedraggled wings. In behalf of
 the flannel there is not a word to say. The
 brutal frankness of its revelations and the
 subtle insincerity with which it exposes that
 which should be concealed and mocks the
 beauty which it ought to magnify, should
 earn for it the execrations of the bathing
 world. Trowsers are a bathing necessity,
 and might be made aquatic attractions; but
 bathing "pants" are a device to strangle
 love and change admiration into abhorrence.
 That women should wear these garments,
 and these only—for the long bathing-gown
 is too hideous to be dwelt upon, and we
 pass it by, as does the spectator on the beach,
 with a shudder of silent horror—is a mystery
 vast, unfathomable, and unutterably depressing.

Perhaps in another world we shall find
 bathers who have risen above the code of
 flannel conventionality and "pantaloon" tradi-
 tion, and have arrayed themselves after a
 fashion fit for aquatic angels. There will the
 true trowsers delight our eager eyes; the grace-
 ful jacket, short-sleeved, and devoid of all rank
 growth of tangled skirt, will take the place of
 the exasperating blouse; while the flannel that
 clings and cumbers will be among the forgot-
 ten woes and wickednesses of an earlier world.
 This however, is only a vision of too sanguine
 hope. Here, at all events, the reign of flannel
 will never pass away, and the Mystery of the
 Sea will remain unsolved and oppressive until
 the surf is silent for ever, and bathers have
 vanished with the vanished sea.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says he thinks he will
 never meet with his congregation again.

EX-GOVERNOR A. R. SHEPHERD, of the District of
 Columbia, is very much cut up over his recent
 defeat in the Senate. He and his friends protest
 that he is a victim of circumstances; and it is said
 that Grant and Sargent's fight for him was the
 result of a belief in his innocence.

UNITED STATES SENATOR GORDON of Georgia, a
 Democrat, says that he knows Grant as intimately
 as anybody does, and that there will be a move-
 ment towards a third term. Grant wants a nomi-
 nation by the people, and not by a party. Our
 readers will remember that almost his first saying
 after his re-election was that he was glad the peo-
 ple had endorsed him.

THE COMET is charged with all the recent phe-
 nomena of wind and lightning and hail; and we
 have no doubt that people will ascribe to that
 celestial peacock the epidemic of hydrophobia and
 the superstition of a third term. But the poor
 nucleus of the flowing tail can hardly be responsible
 for that New Jersey storm of the evening of the
 glorious Fourth, which for fire gave ice, and sent
 the hail rattling upon windows like bushels of
 astronomical lemon-drops. If Joe Jefferson's crock-
 ery plates, all unctuous with expectant clams,
 shivered into atoms by hail-stones as big as your fist,
 and if Mr. England's music was kept time to by the
 breakdown of these heavenly trippers on the light
 fantastic, there should be no blame laid upon the
 head or tail of the comet. Merely the great, fat
 shower-drops froze, and not for the comet, but for a
 natural sort of jubilee, the storm became a hail
 fellow, well met.

HORACE GREELEY used to be very sensitive to
 newspaper criticism. Henry Watterson is sensitive;
 and so is Sam Bowles. Why should not a plain,
 poor Senator be as sensitive? Senators want to be
 protected from the assaults of reporters of the grade
 of peanut-sellers who are sent to Washington to
 guess what a man did or said. Just to think that
 the man who stands between the President and
 Senators on the one hand and the people on the
 other may be a man who has not the first claim to
 brains. Yet he is to decide for the people what is
 right in jurisprudence, in commerce, in politics,
 in foreign diplomacy, in internal affairs, in railroad-
 ing, in finance. And he gives judgment in a moment
 upon what ten statesmen may have been ten years
 learning. His good square guess at the facts is
 worth more than the truth. It is this scarecrow that
 the Senators want to gag. And we don't blame
 them.

NEVADA POLITICS promise to be full of interest
 during the Summer. The San Francisco Bulletin
 believes that the Independents are quietly working
 all over the State previous to selecting a candidate
 in whom all classes of the people may place con-
 fidence. At the preliminary convention, held two or
 three weeks ago, the foundation was laid for effect-
 ing an organization before calling a general conven-
 tion at a future day. But the manoeuvring and log-
 rolling to obtain State offices will be as nothing
 compared to the scheming to secure the United
 States Senatorship to succeed Stewart. Bradley
 and McBeth are credited now with endeavoring to
 manipulate conventions so as to get their friends
 returned to the State Legislature. Prominent among
 the Republican candidates for the United States
 Senatorship are Sharon and De Long. Sharon and
 Requa are, it appears, visiting the several sections
 of the State in company. But all this is merely
 skirmishing to what may be expected as the time
 for election draws near.

GUIZOT, the brains of the French Monarchy, is in
 his decline, as we have hitherto announced; and
 when he dies there will be a wide discussion of the
 peculiar abilities of this great political philosopher.
 His books are familiar. He is the peer of Burke in
 everything except style of writing, and he is the
 superior of Burke in his ability to govern men. A
 discriminating writer, speaking of Guizot and the
 Monarchy, says that during its last seven years he
 may be said to have ruled France with a rod of
 iron. The King was completely under his influence;
 the Assembly, elected under official pressure, sub-
 missively registered his will; in vain did Thiers,
 with the thrilling, impetuous eloquence which has
 not yet lost its charm, impeach his arbitrary course
 in the tribune. Guizot in office was still the un-
 bending *doctrinaire*. He clung obstinately to the
 letter of the law. Profoundly patrician, though a
 constitutionalist, he resisted reform, and vehemently
 refused to grant an extension of the suffrage. The
 rigid severity of his rule at last produced the result
 of which Thiers had warned him again and again.
 But, while a Monarchist and a *doctrinaire*, and
 inclined to take high-handed measures, as against
 Liberals and Republicans, he was far from being
 the advocate of the divine right of kings. His an-
 tagonism to the Bourbons is illustrated by one of
 the most memorable scenes which occurred in the
 Chamber during his tenure of office. The Count de
 Chambord, then a youth scarcely out of jackets,
 was residing in Belgrave Square, London. Thither
 a number of Legitimists—among them M. Berryer,
 Chateaubriand, De Valmy and the Duke de Fitz-
 james—repaired to pay their homage to this "child
 of France." All of these were deputies; and Guizot,
 who was Prime Minister, regarded their visit to
 London as a treasonable and anti-dynastic demon-
 stration. When they returned, he ascended the
 tribune of the Chamber, and for once, in the vehe-
 mence of his indignation, lost that haughty self-
 control which he usually preserved in the fiercest
 debates. He denounced the deputies with stinging
 invective and remorseless irony, and so exasperated
 them by his taunts that several of the Legiti-
 mist deputies sprang from their seats, rushed to the
 tribune, and tried to climb upon it as if to drag him
 down. Then, drawing his tall and slender form to
 its full height, his head raised contemptuously in the
 air, and, modulating his voice to calm, clear, firm
 tones, Guizot uttered the famous sarcasm: "Come
 up, messieurs, come up; do what you will, you will
 never reach the height of my disdain!"

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS is receiving much at-
 tention from theorists among the collegians. Shall
 they be educated as boys are? The reply should
 depend very much upon the character of the girl;
 and it is no easier to make a distinction between the
 necessities of boys and girls than to make one
 between the necessities of different boys. There are
 probably as many boys who receive a wrong educa-
 tion as receive a right one. Many a genius has
 been spoiled by a college; many a boy has studied
 Latin who lost his time over it. There are girls who
 are specially adapted for so-called masculine
 studies. Some of these make admirable wives.
 Others are utterly spoiled for domestic life. Perhaps
 such latter were incapable of successful domestic
 life at best. There is an education which lies
 deeper than the curriculum, and in this very many
 of our girls, as well as our boys, are lacking—and
 this lacking is sapping the foundation of our Ameri-
 can life. There can be no doubt that whether or
 not our social tone be lower than it was many
 years ago, it is at least deplorable. We cannot
 avoid some of the immorality; but we may do
 something towards elevating the tone of education
 among youth. We are aware that there are girls so
 delicately constituted in mind and body as to shun
 all that meretricious knowledge of life which
 generates impure imaginations. There are girls
 from fourteen to twenty who cannot be induced
 to look at loud life. There are girls who at
 marriage have "no idea"; to whom marriage is a
 platonic union and abstract alliance; and who
 believe that children are the mysterious product of
 Divine Providence. This want of knowledge is to
 the minds of some theorists not healthful. It is at
 least beautiful. Yet those who lack it are few. A
 great many, while having knowledge of the devious
 ways of life, are utterly lacking in that fine quality
 of mind which leads to an abhorrence of them. "So
 long as things are so, why worry about them?" as if
 there were no taste even in theory. It is not an
 uncommon thing that girls so young as sixteen or
 seventeen should be indifferent to the lives of men,
 an indifference which we think Mr. Gregg says is
 not held by a great many English women of the
 upper-middle class who from matter of mere taste
 about such things remain single for life. There is a
 growing sentiment that from the day of her wed-
 ding a bride may claim her husband. The ideal
 does not enter into her theory. What he *was* is no
 matter. She is so far brutalized and low. It is one
 of the painful signs of the times that while men may
 have their ideal women, picturing their lives from
 the cradle, as one watches the growth of an icicle
 —women do not care to have ideal men, as if there
 were none, or at least none to be hoped for. Here-
 in, we believe, our collegians and theorists may
 make some progress about the education of girls.

A COTTAGE IN THE AIR is now the dream of
 many city people of small means; and it is a
 wholesome feeling, this longing. And it need not
 be merely a July problem. As we have heretofore
 written, the pleasures of a country cottage, to peo-
 ple who are not deceiving themselves, are not few.
 If the ambition is not a mere July sentiment, one
 may go into the country and find his Arcadia. If he
 will study time-tables, and seek to know the places
 whereat chills and fevers do not shake one, and
 have the sagacity to avoid agents and drive into
 some byway alone, he may find an acre or two that
 will make his heart glad for many a year. Just
 such a place we know. The agents have not
 reached it, and it lies in all the innocence of rural
 beauty. No water-view graces it—it is purely
 rural. The two acres at to-day five hundred dol-
 lars each to get them. The owner paid a hundred
 and fifty more than they were worth. The little
 peaked cottage, with its disproportionate but com-

fortable veranda, covered with vines all purple and white with bloom, cost but a thousand dollars. It is painted a quiet pearly brown, with darker tints under the eaves. As you approach it through the cedar gates, you may bow your head lest the weeping-willow make you bare it in sympathy. A tall Norway spruce stands before the door, and under its dark green a bitter-sweet vine is creeping, and in the white Winter days will burn brighter than a street-lamp. The black tartarian cherry is not tall, and the fruit is not plentiful, but what there is attracts the birds, that give sweet music for what they are welcome to steal. But next year the oxcarts will be white beside the veranda, and you may watch the birds from your bed. Beside the stone wall will grow great currants, just turning red, and the gooseberries have been making stout English pies for a month. What need of ice when the well is so cool? The cellar has kept the currant-wine pleasant all the Summer long. When the snow begins to fall, and the icicles to hang on the trees, you will find inside a cozy room, all dark-stained, with a soft, quiet carpet in purple and brown, over which the fire flickers from a low-down grate of blazing coals. The bright brass and irons and shovel and tongs flash brighter in the red blaze. Over the coals hangs a little black kettle, whose nose makes music as merry as an Æolian harp, and sighs to mingle itself with the warm-lemonade! It is a homely room, and comfortable; for the chairs are of unpainted hickory; the oiled oak mantel is ornamented with only a pair of brass candlesticks; but the firelight illumines busts of Dickens and Irving, that stand on black-walnut brackets against the wall. The homeliness is so quiet that turbulent Carlyle is content to watch Hawthorne across the room. The sun that set behind the hills left a memory of landscape, so that none is needed within the house. In country places one delights in pictures of men and plenty of books, so that if Thackeray be out of his place on the shelves, and Tom Brown cannot be found, it is because their accustomed place is beside the blazing fire. In such a place is pure comfort. The station is not far, and Wallack's is within an hour's ride. Yet, dear poet, content yourself with a *matinée*, and carry your cakes and ale home. If you find within your cozy house a couple of your neighbors, be thankful that they are so near. Take out your cards gayly. If you keep your temper you may win the trick. But don't forget that the pony needs feeding, and that the night is cold.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE Phillipses were Puritans who made their longest stay at Andover, and they were founders of educational institutions. John Phillips was the first Mayor of Boston; and to him, in 1811, there was born a son who, in honor of a good old name in the Commonwealth, was called Wendell. Of the youth of Wendell Phillips we know little, save that he early gave indications of that purity of character which, to those who do not love him, has seemed to be austerity. He was always delighted with theories for training animals; and in after-life he said that in order to manage an animal or a crowd you must give it something to *think* about. He was clearly not of the Carlylean faith of giving it something to *do*. He was devoted to books of biography, a critic of individual character from his youth, an intense student of the depths of human nature as revealed in the lives of notable persons. At Harvard College he gave much time to the study of chemistry. It may not be surprising that the Englishman who has the honor of resembling Phillips, we mean Robertson of Brighton, was intensely devoted to theories for taming animals, to books of biography, and to the study of chemistry. Wendell Phillips would have been a practical chemist, if his mother had not induced him to enter the Cambridge Law School. He became "a young lawyer, fresh from books, with all a young lawyer's keen sense of the sacredness of personal rights—fresh from the study of Genesis, of Anglo-Saxon liberty. I had," he says, "all Daniel Webster's eulogy on law in New England at my tongue's end. I was penetrated through and through with Story's idolatry for the Constitution, and, of course, after nine years' study of such models, supposing that I stood under the most perfect government, I looked out on this scene of mob violence [three thousand men in broadcloth dragging a man through the streets with a rope around his waist] with the hottest indignation. I did not know him; I had never seen him. Of course I did not know what offense he had given, or what idea he represented. It was Mr. Garrison, and it was the pro-slavery mob of October 25th, 1835, in the streets of Boston." He sympathized with the Abolitionists. "They taught me that down in those hearts which loved a principle for itself, asked no man's leave to think or speak, true to their own convictions, no matter at what hazard, flowed the red blood of '76, of the hemlock-drinker of Athens, and of the martyr-saints of Jerusalem." At twenty-four, believing that the Constitution afforded an excuse for slavery, he refused the necessary oath of support, and sacrificed every hope of success at the Bar.

In 1837, when Lovejoy of Illinois was shot for defending his anti-slavery press from the Missouri mob, certain Boston advocates of free-speech, headed by William Ellery Channing, desired to express their disapprobation of the murder, and they asked for the use of Faneuil Hall. Their request being denied, they met in the old Court Room. The pro-slavery men attempted to take possession of the meeting, and Attorney-General Austin denounced Lovejoy as a presumptuous fool and Dr. Channing as a clergyman who was marvelously out of place. The tumult rose high when young Phillips rose to speak. The crowd would not listen to him until the name of his family was mentioned. He rebuked Austin, and he left that stage the first orator in America. Thenceforward he was devoted to the anti-slavery cause. He urged every measure which would free the black. During the war he supported with his voice those Republicans who represented ultra-Republican ideas; and he has never ceased to be Butler's friend.

Although he inherited a considerable property, Mr. Phillips has added largely to his wealth by his receipts for lecturing. His lectures on "The Lost Arts," "Daniel O'Connell," and "Street Life in Europe," have been spoken from Maine to Colorado. He is always popular, yet seldom fully appreciated. There is a charm in his speaking which men, deafened by ranters, cannot explain. Unused to the life of the average men of free-and-easy habits, he does not excite the crowd. His manner is so easy that we forget the man, and his voice is so calm and clear, so flexible and impassionate, that we never fail to receive its meaning, recollecting the tone long afterwards, as at dawn we remember the soft notes of some night-tide serenade. There never was a man less egotistic than Wendell Phillips, and we are charmed with the man and his manner in spite of his lack of self-assertion. But he never hesitates with his idea. We may forget the music-maker, but we have learned the tune. It was Sumner's duty to describe human rights. Phillips had but one idea, human liberty, and he said, "I will set the world thinking about that."

His style of language is, to our liking, the best we have in America. And this in spite of the fact that it is not what the newspaper critics call a logical style, or what the logicians call a synthetic style. You never find it in the English reviews. It has no imaginable foot-notes, and if it were less simple and picturesque, one would be compelled to read between the lines. It does not hammer out a connected theory so much as it sets men thinking for themselves. The argument and the inference are not ended when the orator sits down, any more than love has ceased when the lover is gone. It is the most suggestive of styles. An irate Southern colonel, in the old pro-slavery days, said that Phillips was an infernal machine set to music. Perhaps the highest compliment was that of Horace Greeley, who said that Phillips makes us believe that oratory is easy; and the great journalist (of whom himself Sumner said he wrote the best English in America) added, that while Webster's speeches were as good when read as when heard, and Clay's were better when heard than when read, Phillips's were charming when listened to, and still as charming when seen down the printed page. It has been the fate of great writers that they have not been orators. Addison deplorably failed in Parliament, and Burke spoke to empty benches. Great speakers have usually failed with the pen: as witness Fox, who could not write, and Clay, whose pen could not have saved him from being a mere national tradition. Phillips's words will be read for style when the names of Clay and Phillips, as orators, are romantically half-remembered in history. We should class his book of speeches with Bacon's essays. Those who think that he is merely a Bostonian descendant of austere Puritans, do not know that this man can write as tenderly as Bret Harte. When, in the dark days of 1861-'63, he spoke in New York, there were men, not Phillips-lovers, who had tears in their eyes as he said:

"But the North will triumph. I hear it. Do you remember in that disastrous siege in India, when the Scotch girl raised her head from the pallet of the hospital and said to the sickening hearts of the English, 'I hear the bagpipes, the Campbells are coming,' and they said, 'Jessie, it is delirium.' 'No, I know it; I heard it far off.' And in an hour the pibroch burst upon their glad ears, and the banner of England floated in triumph over their heads. So I hear in the dim distance the first notes of the jubilee rising from the hearts of the millions. Soon, very soon, you shall hear it at the gates of the citadel, and the Stars and Stripes shall guarantee liberty for ever from the Lakes to the Gulf."

The critics who call Wendell Phillips merely "picturesque" fail to read his strongest arguments. Like Hugo, whom he resembles in many ways, he always means something, and means it earnestly. He does not always speak with a picture on his lips. It is his merit that he has practically studied our institutions and our society as deeply as Tocqueville and Lyell did. Let us quote a few of his sayings, spoken in moments after "hisses" or "laughter," sayings which are certainly not merely "picturesque":

"The honors we grant mark how high we stand, and they educate the future. The men we honor, and the maxims we lay down in measuring our favorites, show the level and the morals of the time."

"Most of our other generals act upon the principle that the rebels are half right and we are half wrong."

"Let me make the generals, and I don't care who makes the proclamations."

"Always think twice when saints and sinners, honest men and editors agree in a eulogy."

"Let progressive men be mum, and the Tribune would starve."

"It requires great ability to found states and governments, but only common talent to carry them on."

"Every narrowing of the sphere of government proves growth in the people, and is the seed of further growth."

"Common times only try common men."

If Mr. Phillips has bitterly attacked men and institutions, he has patiently suffered retaliation. This is the penalty he has paid for speaking to people who were not ready to believe him. He cast his bread upon the waters, and it did not return to him immediately. Men are seldom ready to accept his statement at the moment when it is made. They who acknowledge his prophetic power in politics, and who give him credit for whatever has already "come true," listen to his "last idea" with wonder, and sometimes with consternation. His speeches to the workmen a few years ago were sneered at as impracticable; and to-day skillful politicians are trying to compromise with them upon his plan. His letter to Butler on the finances was called wild; but every one of his paragraphic proposals was urged by one side or the other of the able parties during the last days of the session of Congress, and the President's Memorandum contained one of his suggestions. He speaks before the hour, and he speaks notes of warning. Why should he reap the fruits of a Seward or a Morrill or a Blaine, statesmen of the hour, when in the years to come Wendell Phillips shall be known as a man who wrote his name beside those of Hampden and Hoche, and whose glory is not measured by the clock?

THE COMET'S TAIL.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE actual facts respecting the seeming motions of a comet's tail are, indeed, not always adequately realized by students of astronomy. We so often hear a comet's tail described as a vast stream of light extending behind the comet—like the wake behind a swiftly sailing ship—that we are apt to forget that in reality it is only while a comet is approaching the sun that the tail even approximates to this rearward position. So soon as the comet has commenced its journey away from the sun, the tail is carried in advance—more and more in advance as the comet gets further and further away—until at length the tail lies nearly on the track which the comet is about to follow. At this time the comet's head is moving almost as if it were about to rush into the body of the tail.

But it is noteworthy that the tail of a comet at no time agrees in position with any part of the path of the comet. So that if we accept as strictly true the theory that certain meteor systems—as notably those which produce the August and November showers—follow *exactly* in the path of certain comets, we are bound to accept the conclusion that whatever the connection between the comet and meteor system may be, the meteor system is certainly not the comet's tail.

No comet was ever studied so carefully with high telescopic powers as the splendid comet of 1858. The remarks of Sir John Herschel on the subject of the drawings executed by Professor Bond, of America, may still be quoted without a word of change; the series of engravings in which the comet is represented in every stage of its progress still "leaves far behind—in point of exquisite finish and beauty of delineation—everything hitherto done in that department of astronomy."

Like all large comets, Donati's, when studied with powerful telescopic means, showed a capping or envelope of light around the bright central nucleus. This envelope was separated by a dark interval from the nucleus; but a connection could be traced between the two in the form of jets of light which seemed to issue from different parts of the nucleus, "giving rise," says Sir John Herschel, "by their more or less oblique presentation to the eye, to exceedingly varied appearances—sometimes like the spokes of a wheel or the radial sticks of a fan, sometimes blotted by patches of irregular light, and sometimes interrupted by equally irregular blots of darkness."

A month and a half after the first appearance of the tail, the nucleus was seen to be surrounded by no less than three distinct envelopes, each of the two outer being related to the next inner envelope in the same way that the innermost was related to the nucleus; that is, there was a dark intervening space crossed by radial streaks of light. Professor Bond considered that these "had been thrown off in intermittent succession, as if the forces of ejection had been temporarily exhausted, and again and again resumed a phase of activity; the peculiar action by which the matter of the envelopes was ultimately driven into the tail taking place, not on the surface of the nucleus, but at successively higher levels."

But Sir John Herschel, from whom the above account of Bond's ideas had been taken, considered rather that the matter forming the envelopes was, as it were, *sifted* "by solar action—the levitating portion of it being hurried off, the gravitating remaining behind in the form of a transparent, gaseous non-reflective medium."

Only a few days after the formation of these three envelopes, a striking change took place in the telescopic aspect of the comet, or, rather, in the aspect which it presented when seen, even with the naked eye, in a clear atmosphere. A new tail made its appearance beside the main or primary tail. The new tail was perfectly straight, and very narrow, and, unlike the primary tail, was directed almost exactly from the sun. Soon after another tail, similar in its general appearance, but somewhat fainter, was discerned. This tail was seen on one or two subsequent nights; but only when the atmospheric conditions were very favorable. "These appearances were presented," says Sir John Herschel, "from the 28th of September (1858) to the 11th of October. They are peculiarly instructive, as they clearly indicate an *analysis* of the *cometary matter by the sun's repulsive action*—the matter of the secondary tails being evidently darted off with incomparably greater velocity (indicating an incomparably greater intensity of repulsive energy) than that which went to form the primary one." Sir John Herschel does not notice the seeming connection between the appearance of these new tails and the formation of the additional envelopes. The three envelopes were first seen on the 24th of September, and they remained visible until the 10th of October. The new tails were first noticed on the 28th of September, as though some little time had been occupied in their formation from the matter of the outer envelopes, and they continued visible till the 11th of October, or one day longer than the envelopes, as though some interval were required for their dissipation. This circumstance seems highly significant, more especially when it is considered in connection with the condition of the head during the continuance of the triple envelope. For during this interval, "and especially," says Herschel, "from the 7th to the 10th of October—that is to say, when the full effect of the sun's perihelion action had been endured, the nucleus offered every appearance of most violent and, so to speak, angry excitement, evidenced by the complicated structure and convolutions of the jets issuing from it." "From this time," he adds, "until the comet's final disappearance, the violence of action gradually calmed down, while the comet itself went southwards, and at length vanished from our horizon."

I would notice in passing that the circumstances here related seem to throw some light on a phenomenon which has hitherto proved most perplexing—the appearance of comets having multiple tails. The accounts which have been given of such comets seem utterly inexplicable, unless we adopt a theory resembling that which Sir John Herschel has touched on in the passages I have quoted. The comet of 1807 had two tails, neither of which agreed exactly with a line tending directly from the sun. The comet of 1823 had in like manner two tails; but the position of one of these was wholly abnormal, since this tail was directed *towards* the sun, instead of from the sun. This might perplex us, were it not for the observed fact that the repulsive energy by which (in whatever way) the sun seems to sweep from his neighborhood the matter of comet's tails seems to struggle in the first place with a tendency in the matter of the comet's head to form one or more jets *towards* the sun. We may suppose that the tail directed towards the sun was simply a jet of this sort, able (owing to some unexceptional feature in its constitution) to resist the sun's repulsive action. Side tails have been noticed in several instances—a fact which seems readily explicable by Herschel's theory. Less intelligible at first sight is the account of the great comet of 1843 as seen at Chili; for this comet is said to have had "a lateral tail issuing from the original one at a distance of ten

degrees from the head, and extending to a much greater length than the other." It seems reasonable to suppose that in this instance two sorts of matter had been entangled together, as it were, when first swept away from the head, a separation only taking place after they had already been carried together to a considerable distance; thenceforth, it would seem, each kind of matter obeyed its own special law of retreat from the nucleus. We should, therefore, still have a process of sifting, complicated, so to speak, by the condition in which the repelled matter left the head of the comet in the first instance.

But perhaps the comet which of all others seems to afford the most striking evidence of the justice of Herschel's theory is the remarkable comet of 1744. According to Chéseaux, this comet had no less than six tails spread in the manner of a fan. Now, in a case of this sort we must not forget to take special notice of the fact that a comet is not a flat object, pointed, so to speak, upon the surface of the celestial vault, but an object occupying a certain region of space. We are forbidden, therefore, to regard the six seeming tails of the comet of 1744 as being in reality six distinct tails, unless we are prepared with some explanation of their symmetrical adjustment. So far as I am aware this circumstance has not hitherto been noticed adequately, or at all, in our treatises on astronomy. When we see a straight-tailed comet, like that of 1811, showing two well-marked and nearly parallel striations, which seem to extend from either side of the head, and inclose between them a space of comparative darkness, we are not led to regard these bounding streaks as two distinct tails. We accept, on the contrary, the explanation suggested by the aspect of the comet, and regard the tail as shaped like a hollow cone. This accords well, be it noted in passing, with Herschel's theory; for the envelope round the nucleus, if swept away by the sun's repulsive energy, would form a conical shell of matter behind the head, much as a vertical jet of water, caused to spread during its upward motion, descends in a hollow conical shell of spray beneath the level of the jet. But while we thus interpret the appearance of a straight-tailed comet, we are apt to apply a different and, in reality, inadmissible mode of interpretation to comets whose structure seems more complex. Now, if we extend to the six-tailed comet of 1744 the same principle of interpretation that we apply to the straight-tailed comet of 1811, we shall be led to regard the former as not in reality *six*-tailed, but *three*-tailed. Three conical shells of luminous matter, one inside the other, and separated from each other by dark spaces, would present an appearance resembling that of the multiple tail of the comet of 1744. Nor would the curvature actually seen in the tails of that comet render this interpretation less satisfactory, since this peculiarity corresponds precisely with what is observed in less complex cometic appendages. Now, in order to account for the existence of three tails, one inside the other, we need only conceive that the comet of 1744 had three envelopes like those seen round the nucleus of Donati's comet, and that precisely as the matter of a single envelope swept away by solar repulsion produces a single tail, so the matter of these three envelopes similarly swept away produced three tails, the inner envelope by the two outer. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to assume that the three tails thus formed successive shells; for each envelope of the head may have had its own distinct direction. Indeed, the aspect of the three tails of Donati's comet would seem to render this view the more probable, for the two fainter tails came from one side of the head, as though they severally formed but the halves of complete shell-formed tails, the other halves being, perhaps, hidden from our view by the primary tail.

It must not be forgotten that the theory which I have here employed as the basis of these several ideas was one which Sir John Herschel regarded as demonstrated by the evidence he obtained while observing Halley's comet in 1836. When Sir John Herschel spoke of a theory as demonstrated, one might fairly conclude that overwhelming evidence had been obtained in its favor—for few surpassed him in scientific caution.

Now the terms in which he spoke on this subject are undoubtedly most positive—far more so, I believe, than in any other passage which can be quoted from his works. I refer here specially to the words used at page 406 of Herschel's great work, "The Results of Astronomical Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope." But his account of the comet, and of later comets, in his charming series of "Familiar Essays," leaves no doubt on the reader's mind that the great astronomer, after more than twenty years' further study of the subject, still retained his conviction. "The whole series of the phenomena presented by this comet has given us," he says, "more insight into the *interior economy of a comet*, and the forces developed in it by the sun's action, than anything before or since." And further on he remarks that clearly the tail of a comet is neither more or less than the accumulation of a sort of luminous vapor, *darted off in the first instance towards the sun*, as if it were something raised up, and as it were exploded by the sun's heat, out of the kernel, and then immediately and forcibly turned back and repelled from the sun.

It happens singularly enough that one of the two comets which have alone as yet been fairly associated with meteoric systems was observed by Sir John Herschel—"with septuagenarian eyes," he mentions—and that his remarks respecting its appearance bear in an interesting manner on the subject of the connection between comets and meteors. I refer to the great comet of 1862, which has been shown by Schiaparelli to travel in the same path, or very nearly so, as the August meteors. With Sir John Herschel's account of this comet, I shall conclude this paper, already drawn out to a greater length than I had proposed. It will be noticed that the observed appearances serve to connect several of the facts already referred to. After noting the circumstances under which this comet came into view, Herschel remarks that "it passed us closely and swiftly, swelling into importance, and dying away with unusual rapidity. The phenomena exhibited by its nucleus and head were on this account peculiarly interesting and instructive, it being only on very rare occasions that a comet can be closely inspected at the very crisis of its fate, so that we can witness the actual effect of the sun's rays on it. In this instance, the pointing forth of the cometic matter from the singularly bright and highly condensed nucleus took place in a single compact stream, which, after attaining a short distance, equal to rather less than a diameter of the nucleus itself, was so suddenly broke up and dispersed as to give, on the first inspection, the impression of a double nucleus. The direction of this jet varied considerably from day to day, but always declined more or less from the exact direction from the sun." It seems far from improbable that what was here witnessed represented the actual generation of new August meteors, and that at some more or less distant epoch portions of the matter thus swept away from the comet of 1862 may take their part in producing a display of falling stars.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 295.



PARIS.—THE RECENT POPULAR DISTRESS—DISTRIBUTING BEDDING TO THE POOR.



ITALY.—TABLET WITH PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL ANGELO, ENGRAVED BY JULIO BONASONE.



ENGLAND.—OFF THE COAST.—IN THE CABIN OF A FISHING-BOAT.



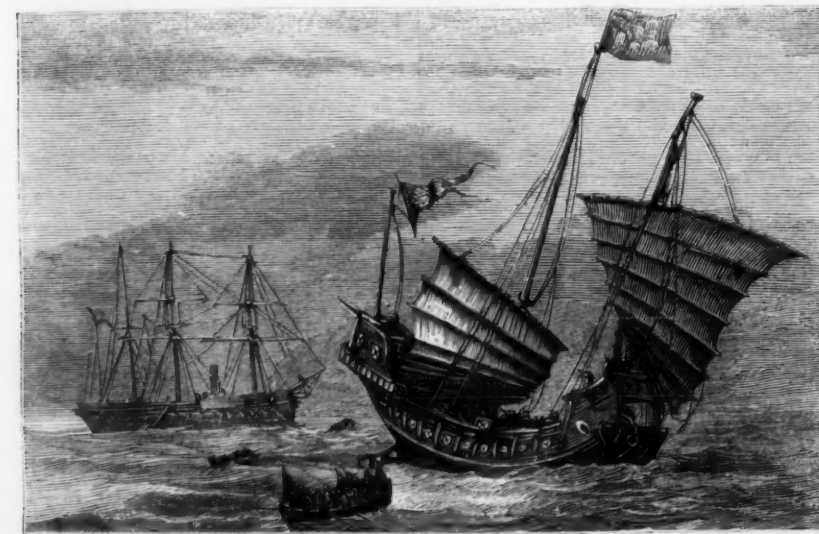
FRANCE.—THE FÊTE AT AUXERRE—THE ILLUMINATED PROCESSION.



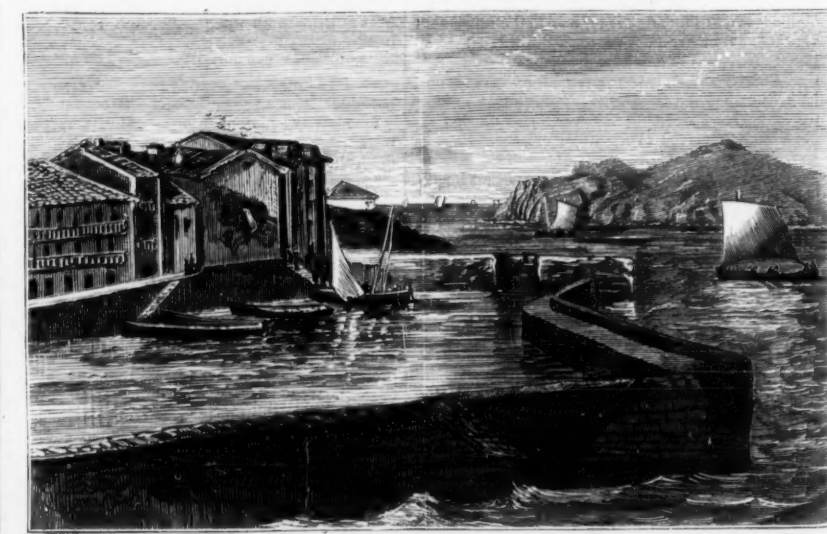
FRANCE.—THE VILLA AND GARDEN OF VERDI—THE COMPOSER RECEIVING HIS FRIENDS.



SPAIN.—RECENT HEADQUARTERS OF GENER L SERRANO AT SOMMOROSTRO.



CHINA.—OFF THE COAST—CAPTURE OF A PIRATE-JUNK BY THE FRENCH VESSEL "MONTCALM."



CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—THE FORT OF LEQUEITIO, BAY OF BISCAY.

THE APPROACHING COMET.

LAST April, M. Coggia, Assistant Astronomer in the Observatory at Marseilles, France, discovered the comet that is now approaching the Earth. On Thursday, July 2d, at half-past nine o'clock P. M., the comet, with a tail about five degrees in length, was seen by the naked eye in the northern sky. On succeeding evenings the nucleus moved towards the south, with the tail increasing in length, so as to bring its extremity gradually northward. On the 14th of July, at the ending of twilight, the head of the comet will have reached the horizon in the northwest, so that it will not easily be visible after that date; but the tail will extend nearly to the pole-star. On July 16th, the tail will extend far beyond the pole, and develop a new characteristic, tapering off rapidly towards the end. Within three or four days after the 16th, the tail will have become so much expanded in the neighborhood of the pole as to fill a large part of the northern heavens. Yet it will not be a conspicuous object, because it will be so faint as to look rather like an immense cloud, or a new Milky Way, than what it really is. Its head will not at any time be nearer the Earth than Venus, and its closest proximity will be on the 22d of July; after that it will disappear, and burst on the astonished vision of the inhabitants of the Southern Hemisphere. As this visitor will probably be the finest of the kind ever seen, we have presented an illustration of its present locality.

FOUND DROWNED.

IN a city of a million inhabitants an ordinary death attracts no more attention than the falling of a leaf in a forest. Yet, a woman's body found drifting with the tide was the subject of an immortal poem, and to-day a feeling of horror spreads through the community when the lifeless form of some unfortunate is drawn from the river.

Our double-page picture represents a scene on the dock. Usually bodies found floating in the water are taken to the Morgue or the nearest station-house. But in this instance the coroner's jury are shown viewing the body at the pier where it was landed. The spectators look on, some wondering who she was, whence she came, was her death the crime of another, or did she make the fatal plunge to end her misery of life?

THE AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

OUR American girl, while in Italy last Summer, three days after meeting



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 291.

Prince Vermicelli, makes an appointment to meet him by moonlight alone, and that without the least thought of impropriety. She wants adventure. "Are you aware that your daughter has gone out rowing alone with Prince Vermicelli?" said an English matron to the American mother. "Certainly," replied she, without the least idea of the enormity committed, at least as regards appearance. But her next remark was more startling: "And I think she has used the prince very badly, too, for she neglected to keep an appointment with him yesterday morning."

The English matron is astonished. Such liberty to her seems license. The American wonders at her companion's squeamishness. Neither party understands each other.

Our American girl should not have gone out alone with Prince Vermicelli, for in Europe the worst construction is placed on such action. Appearances there are deemed incontrovertible proof of acts. But the American girl and her mother do not care for this. "Her daughter," she remarks, "can take care of herself. They are not going to be cramped by any such old-world notions of propriety." This is independent, but it may not be profitable. It may occasion the inconvenience of causing both mother and daughter to be regarded as almost disreputable characters by the surprised English. A nice young lady taking her morning bitters at the Long Tom saloon would not cause any greater sensation and aversion than does the lawless young American lady there at times. Now let us be profound. Prejudice and customs must be respected to secure friendship. When among the Romans, etc. The Shah of Persia, on visiting England, had the good sense to leave his three or four hundred wives at home. Let us imitate the spirit of the Shah, and thereby secure closer communion with our British brethren. If the Columbian lady will be "loud" and "fast," she will not enter the penetralia of the best English society.

Our American girl who made the appointment with Prince Vermicelli, came back that day with a flushed face and glittering eye. She was in a rage. The prince had not been gentlemanly. But she "had taken care of herself." The prince had a black eye. She had, she remarked, "wiped him" with her parasol. The prince was puzzled. He had only acted as any man of fashion in his country would have done. But his only trophy was a black eye. A new light at last dawned upon the American mother. She sees that she is in a land where the standard of "propriety" is widely different from that of America. "I



MAP OF THE NORTHERN SKY, SHOWING THE PLACE OF THE COMET WHICH IS NOW VISIBLE.

could not, with best intentions towards you," said the kind-hearted Englishwoman, in conversation afterwards with her, "afford, after the liberty you allow your daughters, to recognize you in London society." Sometimes the American girl professes not to care for English opinion in this matter. But "I don't care," too often on the lips, means "I do care" in the heart. It is natural to desire that which is difficult to obtain; to see what is hidden from the many; to go into exclusive circles; to have a glimpse of London society. However, the American girl's self-reliance, despite its abuse, seems to be the winning card. Continental respectability and propriety teaches its daughters that they are weak, unable to guard themselves, and that men are ravening wolves. Otherwise, may not the masculine be trusted out of the mother's sight with the girls?

ACROSS THE SANDS.

CHAPTER I.

"It won't rain; and if it does, it will not hurt me, Aline, dear! Come; I have just time left to walk the three miles; and I must not let my pupils fancy that their music-mistress has forgotten them."

The speaker was a girl of twenty-one, or possibly a year older, with bright dark eyes, hair of a glossy brown, and a rich complexion. She had a pleasant smile withal, though there was something thoughtful, and at times sad, in the expression of the handsome face. There she stood, before the little chimney-glass in the one sitting-room of a tiny cottage, adjusting her simple hat upon the well-shaped head, that became it so well, while on the table near her lay a dark rain-cloak. It was a lowering day in the late summer; the wind blew in quick, uncertain gusts, that streaked the dull, leaden surface of the sea, here and there, with snow-white belts of foam; and the clouds drifted heavily by, on their way inland. The air was oppressively warm; and the hum of the bees, as they stirred among the blossoms of the flowering creeper that hung across the open window, seemed louder and more sultry than usual, such was the stillness that prevailed.

"I never see you set off, dear, to your daily drudgery in that weary Stourchester," said Aline, impetuously, as she moved uneasily on the couch whereon she lay, propped with pillows, "without reproaching myself that you must walk so far, and work so hard, and all for useless tiresome me! I am a burden and a hindrance to you, dear Margaret, and nothing else, and it would be well if I were out of the world, in which I have been only a sorrow and a trouble to those that love me."

There was something pitiful in the contrast between the health and beauty of the elder sister, and the frail form and wan, wistful face of the younger, as she lay among her pillows. Aline's long fair hair, and the delicate transparency of her cheek, pale as marble, made up all her claims to good looks.

She was barely eighteen; but her thin hands and face, and the attitude in which the slender form was stretched upon the sofa, told their own tale of spinal curvature, that had made her a helpless invalid from childhood, and of the bad health that commonly accompanies such physical affliction. Margaret came quietly round to the sofa, folded the wasted form tenderly in her arms, and kissed the pallid cheek as lovingly as if the sufferer had been a child indeed.

"Never a sorrow to me, darling," she said; "never a trouble to me. You little know, Aline, how often the remembrance of the dear patient face waiting at home for my return has kept my courage and my spirit from giving way altogether. It is good, believe me, to have some one to care for in this world besides one's selfish self. And after all, we have much now for which to be thankful. We have found friends here in this strange place; and I could have more pupils to instruct, if only I had the time to give more lessons. What I earn is enough to maintain us in comfort. These are not like the dark days, immediately after poor papa died, when we had to leave the dear old parsonage, and did not know where to look for a home. And now—"

"And now, you are all to me, Margaret—parents, and sister and friend, for I never had a friend but you; and, indeed, how should I, a crippled thing with a winclancy temper at best, as our old Scotch nurse used to say; and by this time, the sick girl was smiling through her tears—tears that any emotion caused to gather so quickly in her eager blue eyes. "But it is not on my own account, believe me, that I am cross and vexed. I cannot bear to think that you should go six days a week to teach in the houses of those odious, purse-proud people at Stourchester—I don't care, Margaret, how much you may protest—they are purse-proud, or at least some of them are—and all to spend your hard-earned sovereigns on idle, useless Aline—a peach here, a bag of hot-house grapes there; new books and new prints from London; flowers in my bedroom, and a new cage for my stupid old canary—while you grudge yourself a dress or a pair of boots. Don't deny it; you know you do. And, then, Frank Darrell—"

"The less we say of poor Frank, the better," returned Margaret, hastily, as her color faded, and the bright light in her honest eye grew dim. "He may have forgotten us, or he may be— We have not heard of him for much more than a year," she added, turning away her face towards the window.

"My fault from first to last," cried Aline, in the old impetuous way. "But for me, you would have been his wife; but for me, you would have married him—I know you would—when he pressed you so hard, just before he sailed on that last voyage. But papa's health was failing, and we were so soon to be thrown on the world, and you did not care to encumber your husband with a helpless, peevish pensioner like Aline Gray, and so— Margaret, you are very brave; but do you think I do not know how much you have grieved for his loss, whether he be dead, or only dead to you?"

There was something beautiful in the patient affection with which Margaret soothed and fondled this poor restless sufferer into a quieter frame of mind, not arguing with her, but contenting her with dropping a word here and there, that fell like oil upon the waters. Those who had taken the trouble—they were few indeed—to study Aline's disposition, could see in her the elements of a noble nature, somewhat warped by the strange and painful conditions of her life. To superficial observers, she had never seemed other than a spoiled child, with a mind as crooked as her body, and more ready to resent an injury, real or supposed, than to acknowledge a kindness. And yet it was Aline's deep sense of the gratitude she owed to her sister that prompted her to petulance, and almost to revolt against the circumstances of her life.

The Stourchester people, and more particularly the few neighbors who dwelt in the outlying hamlet of Wood End, three miles from the town, where

Aline and her sister lived, truly declared that Margaret was a mother to the young invalid. To Margaret herself this appeared the most natural, matter-of-course thing in the world. From her own mother, on her deathbed, she had received the charge of sickly Aline as a sacred trust. "In leaving her to you, Margaret," Mrs. Gray had said, "I know that I give her into stronger hands than mine." And indeed it was so, for Mrs. Gray's well-meaning feebleness of purpose was ill-fitted to cope with the storms of life. The vicar, himself a dreamy and impractical man of letters, had survived his wife but a year; and when he died, and the girls, who had no near relative able and willing to give them shelter and protection, were left alone, it had devolved upon Margaret to provide for both. She had answered to the call nobly. She was an excellent musician, and to her real talent and practiced skill she added the power of making children love her, and learn all the more quickly because they wished to please her. It had not been without trouble, however, that she had fought her way into the position of the best-considered and most-sought-for music-mistress in the town near which she had settled. There were those who declared Miss Gray "too pretty for a governess"; and others who could not readily forgive her the quiet, lady-like manner, the dignity of which impressed them, unassuming as she was. But she had made her way at length, and, by hard work, was enabled to keep up the little cottage at Wood End (she lived at Wood End partly for economy, Stourchester rents being high, and partly because Aline, who loved flowers and trees, seemed to wither when cooped up in a town,) and to provide for her sickly sister the many little luxuries to which from infancy she had been accustomed. Uncomplaining and cheerful, she went brightly and busily through each day's routine of duty, and only Aline's watchful eyes detected that the young sailor, Frank Darrell, was forgotten.

"But if you must go, Margaret," said Aline at last, "I wish you were going to take some other way than that across those dreadful sands. I have a horror of those sands ever since, one day when you were away, I coaxed old Nanny into telling me some of those stories of shipwrecks, and smugglers, and people overtaken by the tide, that she is only too full of. There was one, in particular, of a girl, a bride, who went across to meet her bridegroom, and never was seen more, until her body was washed ashore, they say, at Warren Point, fifty miles along the coast. I wish you would go by Battle Bridge."

"But consider, Aline, dearest," said Margaret, gently, "the inland road by the bridge is over five miles at the least; whereas by the Stour and the sands—ah! don't shake your head and look at me so imploringly—the road is barely three. Six miles of regular walking is enough, after pounding on so many pianos, and going through so many musical exercises; and I always dislike the days when the river is too full to allow me to cross by the stepping-stones, and I am compelled to toil round by the bridge. And as for the tide"—and here she picked up a local almanac that lay on the table, and consulted it with an air of mock-gravity—"why, I have become as learned in its ebbing and flowing as any ancient mariner on the coast yonder. It leaves me plenty of time to-day to cross and recross dryshod. So now, Aline, I must kiss you again, and be off, for it will never do to keep Mrs. Thrummett—Mrs. Montague Thrummett—and her daughter waiting."

So she spoke, and soon afterwards, with a rapid step, was wending her solitary way across the sands.

Stourchester, one of those anomalous English towns that belong, as it were, to two incongruous epochs, stands on a rising ground, overlooking the Stour, the tall chimneys of its factories contrasting oddly with the grand gray tower of the minster church. There are a few quaint mansions, too, built of moldering stone, that is golden with lichens and discolored by exposure to the weather; and queer old gardens, in which the monks and nuns raised their salads and pruned their peach-trees long ago; and fragments of the crumbling town-wall, sorely jostled by stuccoed villas and brand-new terraces. For Stourchester, with its manufactures, is a thriving place; and Margaret had chosen wisely in selecting it as the spot where she, the bread-winner of that modest, thrifty household at Wood End, could most easily earn her own livelihood, and that of her ailing sister.

It was fortunate for the ancient town of Stourchester that it had, in its old age, formed that alliance with novel forms of manufacturing industry, which were evidenced by the black smoke that floated lazily away inland, for its former source of prosperity had long since ceased to be available. The place had been a seaport once, but that was in earlier days; and even two centuries before, the harbor had been gradually silted up, and the prosperity of the town on the decline. The very river had deserted its traditional channel, and now ran at a considerable distance from the walls, that it was said, in worm-eaten chronicles, to have; and indeed the Stour, shrunken and dwindled as to its volume, since sundry canals and aqueducts had levied toll upon its headwaters, trickles but feebly, through the midst of shoals and sandbanks, to the sea. The estuary of the river, however, is still as broad as old, presenting a fine broad expanse of smooth sand, that glistens silver-bright when first the sea rolls back from the river-mouth, and that presently lies yellow, and firm, and dry, affording the readiest road by which to cross from Wood End and the adjoining villages to Stourchester.

The sands have an ill name along the coast, partly due, no doubt, to the popular taste for the horrible and mysterious, and partly to genuine anecdotes of local mishap. That lives had been lost there, again and again, was but too true. The passage between Stourchester and the coast villages could be effected, in fair weather, and with common precautions, with perfect safety. But it was otherwise when the tide was unusually high, or when a strong gale from the seaward forced the salt flood into the narrowing mouth of the Stour, for on these occasions the danger of being belated on the sands was great indeed. There were legends, authentic enough, of a mad race for life and death between some well-mounted horsemen and the swift advance of the tide; with other and sadder histories of children or of wanderers unacquainted with the district, who had lost their way upon the twilight expanse of the sands, and so perished. There was talk, too, of a shifting quicksand, the terror of the coast, that, at flood-tides and irregular intervals, appeared to claim its victims from among the heedless passengers. Nanny, the old woman who was Margaret and Aline's domestic factotum, was garrulous concerning these perils; but Miss Gray who was naturally courageous, merely laughed at them.

"Nobody, so far as I can learn"—she used to say in answer to Nanny's boding expostulations—"has ever been lost on the sands yet, except a rough some extraordinary carelessness or rashness. Depend upon it, that I shall keep much too cautious an eye upon the nautical almanac to furnish you with materials for another story. When the tide comes in at an awkward hour, I must go round by Battle

Bridge, and that is all; but when the water is out, I greatly prefer the stepping-stones."

It was easy and pleasant enough, on that August day, to cross from Wood End, nestling among its coppices and hedgerows, and Stourchester, rising conspicuously on its sloping hill, and overlooking at once the coast-line and the country inland, where the river ran peacefully between osier-beds and green meadows in which the cattle were quietly browsing; while here and there, a wreath of blue smoke showed where a lonely farm lay amidst its sheltering elms. In the opposite direction, far away, the gray waters of the retreating sea were visible; while here and there a miniature lagoon remained in some depression of the sands; and Margaret loitered for a moment as she passed, to watch the star-fish moving their bejeweled limbs among the lumps of variegated sea-weed, and the small red crabs crawling briskly at the bottom of the pool. The Stour, like many another stream, divides its scanty waters into several tiny channels ere it reaches the sea, and these were traversed at low tide by the help of a series of stones, rugged with the shell-fish that clung to them, and fringed with long green weed, but which afforded a sufficient bridge to one whose foot was as sure, and her eye as quick, as those of Margaret Gray. There was something threatening in the gloom of the day and in the signs of the weather. The wind had nearly died away, but a heavy bank of clouds darkened the horizon to seaward, and there was almost a warning shrillness in the harsh note of the white-winged gull, that flew screaming along the tiny river's tortuous course.

The music-lessons over at last, the wearied instructor was free to bend her steps homeward. No very notable change in the weather had as yet occurred, but the bank of clouds that lay piled up against the far-off sky-line was now a mountainous rampart of billowy vapor, edged with a lurid glow, as of huge masses of heated copper, where its summits caught the rays of the declining sun. The seabirds, in greater numbers than before, fitted shrieking, as if in search of a haven, before the storm should test their strength; and from the distant waters came a low, sullen murmur, as the waves chafed upon the reef of half-submerged rocks that lay beyond the smooth stretch of the sands.

"We shall have a rough night of it, miss," said an old Nestor of a fisherman, in striped night-cap and heavy surp-buots, who was mending a cable that had been drawn up for repairs, high and dry on the beach, interrupting the strokes of his hammer to give a neighborly greeting to the young lady as she passed him by. "You are in luck, to be so near port, but it will rain by sundown."

Unwonted sounds, indicative of bustle and confusion, reached Margaret's ears as she approached her humble home; the buzz and clatter of unfamiliar voices, the tread of feet, and the slamming of doors. Quickening her steps, she reached the cottage, to find the narrow passage and the little sitting-room occupied by several women, wives, mostly, of the cottagers who dwelt near, and who were all friends and gossipers of Nanny. Among them was Nanny herself, wringing her hands, and evidently very much frightened, while the chorus of females kept up a well-meant but utterly useless clamor of advice.

"Burnt feathers is best!" said one crone, oracularly.

"Try the drops, Nanny—there's nothing like the drops!" urged a second.

"Poor thing; 'tis a dead swoon. There's nothing could do her good now but three sprigs of rosemary, gathered at the full of the moon, and—"

But this learned recipe was left uncompleted, for now Margaret burst impatiently through the group, and stood beside the couch whereon Aline lay, the centre of the chattering crowd. One glance was sufficient to ascertain the cause of the turmoil. There lay the sufferer, her blue eyes half-closed and staring at vacancy, with the fixed stony gaze of a statue, her pale lips slightly parted, her teeth set, and the slender fingers of her white hands clinched, as if in the act of grappling with some invisible foe. Her hair hung loose over her shoulders, and her whole attitude was one that indicated pain, not rest. And yet no sculptured effigy could have been more still, more mute and motionless, than she was, or, to all appearance, more unconscious of the fond eager words and caressing touch of the sister whom she loved so well. Marble-white she lay, and nothing but the feeblest flutter of the laboring heart told that she was yet to be numbered among the living. The first shock of the discovery over, Margaret's sound common-sense and resolute will reassured themselves. Once, and once only, had she seen Aline stretched before her in such a state of pain and helplessness. They had both been much younger then, Aline a mere child; and Margaret could well remember the alarm that she and her mother had shared, and how anxious had been the interval of suspense while medical skill did battle with the fell disease, and life was gradually enabled to gain the victory. The symptoms were, if anything, less startling than those that dwelt in Margaret's memory; and if professional aid could avail then, surely it would do so now. There was a good doctor at Wood End, a surgeon, but with a physician's diploma from some northern university, and him she had consulted more than once on Aline's account.

"Keep quiet, please, and do not crowd round the sofa so much. Let her have air. I will go to Doctor Smith myself."

Margaret made the best of her way along the straggling street of the village, and found the doctor at his own door, in the act of setting foot on the step of his gig, drawn by the well-known brown horse with the white streak down its face, familiar in park and hamlet throughout that country-side.

"I am glad, Miss Gray, that you have caught me," said the good-natured surgeon; "I can spare a few moments to visit your sister, and make up for it by sharp driving afterwards. I am called into the country, nine miles off, on rather a serious case; old Archdeacon Allport down again with his old enemy the gout, and they fear it is determined to the head this time."

So saying, he hurried to the cottage, and by a rough but kindly assertion of his despotic authority in such instances, cleared the house of all the well-meaning but useless volunteers who encumbered it, only leaving Nanny and an especial ally of hers, the widow of a fisherman, and whom he knew to be more helpful and less garrulous than most of her class.

"There is no immediate danger," said the doctor, after his inspection had come to a close, and Margaret could have blessed him for the welcome words; "but these seizures, even when least severe, are among the very gravest disorders which we medical men have to deal with, and the rather that they only occur where the constitution is peculiar, and the general health weak. You are too brave and too sensible, Miss Gray, to render it necessary that I should disguise the truth from you. I will write a prescription—I cannot furnish the ingredients, for, unluckily, I have them not in my surgery—which can be properly made up at Cooper's, the principal Stourchester chemist, whose

address in the High Street you know. Your sister ought to take it as soon as possible—the earlier the better; and on its being promptly supplied, say in the course of a couple of hours, depends—mark me, not her recovery—she will probably recover—but the quick and certain return of her powers of speech and of movement. A great shock might bring her round, without help from the pharmacopœia; but this is best and safest. It is a potent preparation, compounded of drugs, poisonous for the most part, and such as no respectable chemist would give you without medical warrant; but see! I have written my name and address in full, and they know my handwriting at Cooper's well enough. Now, I must go, or the archdeacon—"

And an instant afterwards the roll of wheels told that the doctor was speeding on his road. Margaret only bent forward to kiss Aline's cold cheek, then caught up the precious sheet of paper, marked with cabalistic characters, at the foot of which was appended the signature of George Haynes Smith, Holly Lodge, Wood End, and turned to the door.

"Take care of her, Nanny, while I am gone," she said, earnestly, "and remember the doctor's desire, that air should be admitted in plenty, as at present, and that no one should come in but yourself and good Mrs. Brooks there. I shall be back again with the medicine as soon as I can."

"But you are not going, Miss Margaret, out across the sands again?" cried Nanny, aghast. "Why, any one can see there's a storm coming on that it would be hard for a man to face, let alone a lady like you. Better wait till I can run up to Farmer Turnett's, on the hill, and beg him to loan you his gig, or, anyhow, a spring-cart and horse, and a lad to drive it, and so go round by Battle Bridge; though, as ill luck will have it, it happens to be Fettesham market-day, and the master and mistress—"

But already Margaret had got beyond reach of the old woman's voice, and was speeding rapidly onwards, crossing the Stour by the stepping-stones, and taking her solitary way across the darkling sands.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SHERMAN ON THE ARMY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Evening Post has interviewed General Sherman at his headquarters in Washington. The correspondent began squeezing his orange by asking his opinion of the reduction of the army. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Well," was the answer, "you will find my opinion in the report of testimony taken before the Military Committee. They had us all—myself and Sheridan and the rest—before them, and we all opposed any reduction. We all believed the army was already too small for the needs of the country. We have a very large territory, you see, and it takes a large army to protect it. The officers and men are all first-rate, but there are not enough of them."

"There is another thing I wished to ask about," said the correspondent. "In the course of his remarks against the Bill to reduce the army, General Hurlbut said some strange things yesterday. He said you gave no orders to the army now-a-days—that the Secretary of War did everything."

"Well, everything he said was true. The Secretary of War does give all the orders. I suppose he thinks it is not necessary to consult me during these times of peace. Anyhow, he does not. He directs every movement of the army, and that without saying a word to me."

"Do you not protest?"

"No, I do not protest. I never protest."

"Is there any warrant of law for the Secretary's course?"

"None whatever. The act authorizing the President to appoint a general of the army gave him power as commander-in-chief to select some officer to superintend and direct the army. Formerly the general did that work, but of late a practice has grown up for the President and Secretary of War to give their orders direct. I suppose that the Secretary thinks the President—the commander-in-chief of the army—is right here, and he might as well take his orders direct from him as to have them come through me."

"You propose to remove your headquarters to St. Louis. Have these facts anything to do with the change?"

"Oh, well, I've always expected to make St. Louis my home. During the war I thought I should go to St. Louis and settle down when my military career was ended. Now that Congress proposes to cut the army down to nothing, I see a gradual reduction that will bring the command below the dignity of my rank. I think I shall take advantage of the opportunity to do as I have long desired—settle down in St. Louis."

"There are other reasons assigned for the change, general?"

"Oh, yes. I have a great many other reasons." "Has the course of the Secretary of War anything to do with it?"

"Well, I think, perhaps, when I get out there I shall not see much of this thing. It will not be right under my eye and not quite so vexatious."

"You said a few months ago that the officers and privates of the army were good men. Do you really believe so?"

"Yes, sir. They are all good, brave men."

"The reason I had for asking—I hear it often charged that they are not so good men as formerly."

"It is not true. They are active and efficient—as good as any army we have ever had."

"I have heard their private character much criticised. It is said that they have lost much of that honor which in old times characterized the men of our army."

"That is not true. I know it is said so, and I think you gentlemen of the Press have much to answer for in that respect; you have made this an era of scandal. A great many men of high rank are now believed to be corrupt, while they are really high-minded and honorable."

"I think you have no right to complain, general. I believe no newspaper has ever dared to utter a word against you."

"No, I have escaped. I have tried to avoid any possible chance to attach scandal to my name. Yet I have never asked any favor of the journalists, nor made any concession to them. I think that those men who have done so have made failures of it. I know some, I have some in my mind's eye, now, who during the war tried to build up newspaper reputations, and I find they are the first to be hit by the papers."

"And yet all the strictures upon the army are not false? I think at this moment of a lieutenant who has been lying about Washington for months, when he should have been with his regiment."

"I have no doubt of it. I don't want to know who he is, but I'll tell you how it comes about. That young man has an uncle or aunt interceding for him, and the influence is potent. To his ruin and utter demoralization he is given a leave of absence when he should be on the frontier."

"I judge you are unwilling to be responsible for such cases?"

"Oh, I assure you they give leave of absence without my knowledge. I am always for the men who do their duty. At least I think I am. If I have an easy position to fill I take my man from the ranks of those who have done hard service. This practice of giving such places to young men who have not earned them is most ruinous, but it is all the result of outside influence with the department, and most of it can be traced to Congress. I think Congress is disposed to act kindly toward the army, but the members do not know what to do. They are cutting down now because we are in times of reduction. They do just as you would do. If you met with a reverse you would discharge your servants until your income would support what you had left. I have no doubt Congress would be glad to support the army if they were considering it, and the needs for it, alone. But it has to take its chances with the other expenses and be reduced in the same proportion. I think it is a great mistake. We maintain an army not for present wants, but for the future. We give our young men military education to prepare them for emergencies. We have had such in the history of the country. The Mexican war was one such instance and the civil war another. Now, we don't want to have to call on Europe for men in such cases. We want men of our own—men acquainted with the tone and temper of our people. I have studied the European armies, and I know how different they are from our own. I think I could command an American army. I could grow in sympathy with the officers and men. I doubt very much whether I could command a German troop. Look at the German officers who served in the late war. They knew their profession; yet see how few made successes. They don't understand our people. We need officers educated in this country to command the armies of this country, and it will be a great mistake to forget this or ignore it under the cry for economy."

OTHER WORLDS.

SPECTRAL analysis (confirmed in so many particulars by the chemical analysis of meteorites) has familiarized us with the all-important fact that all bodies in universal nature—the planets of our system as well as the most distant suns, even those which we fail to distinguish clearly in the celestial vault, and whose feeble glimmer forms only a luminous patch, scarcely perceptible in the background of the Universe; even the nebulae, whether regular or shapeless, which might almost be considered as the matrix of other worlds yet unborn—that all matter, in short, is composed of the same elements, animated by the same physical forces, obedient to the same laws of Chemistry, presenting all the essential characters of the elements of which we ourselves are formed, even to the minutest details. And since it is these same mechanical, physical and chemical forces which also act before our eyes as the essential agents of life, we are compelled to consider the conditions of organic existence on our globe to be as applicable to other globes (notwithstanding the immense variety of its manifestations) as the forces on which it depends on Earth.

When the spectroscope reveals, in the nebulae for instance, the presence of azote and hydrogen, we can understand that even those rudimentary stars also contain some of the indispensable chemical elements of all organization. Assuredly we should come to a different conclusion if (to suppose what is against all probability) this marvelous analysis showed us nothing but chlorium, the basis of common salt.

All germs whatever, to retain their latent vitality, require that the temperature should not reach 140 degrees Fahrenheit, and, for their development, that it should not fall to the freezing point of water. As we are obliged to believe that the ascending scale of temperature is all but indefinite, it is clear that the possibility of life is comprised in a very restricted portion of that scale. Even on the Earth, whose waters, soil, and atmosphere are so abundantly peopled with living creatures, there are regions in which life disappears with a trifling permanent drop in temperature, and other regions where a rise of a few degrees would equally cause life to disappear through excess of heat.

Life is also limited by the isolation of the bodies which move in space. True, they can at some time come together; they were themselves formed out of materials once dispersed in the state of chaos, then gradually reunited by virtue of their mutual attraction. But every reunion of this kind is accompanied by a development of heat sufficient to destroy even the simplest and the hardest organisms. Shooting stars and meteorites offer daily examples of like phenomena. It really is not easy to believe that life can be transmitted from one globe to another, as was propounded by a late President of the British Association, by materials which, on entering our atmosphere, pass abruptly from the cold of interstellar space to brightly incandescent heat.

The condition of temperature at once excludes, as habitable, all heavenly bodies which shine by their own proper light; that is to say, all the stars (except the planets) which spangle the firmament. Since our more accurate knowledge of our Sun, nobody dreams of inhabited stars. Evidently, life cannot exist except on a globe already cold, associated with another globe, which is hot, more or less near, so as to supply it in moderate doses with the indispensable heat, which must never exceed nor fall below very narrow limits. Suns fulfill exactly this office in respect to their attendant planets; and, which is singular, in consequence of their characteristic isolation, the enormous distances from sun to sun, they will never themselves be peopled with life, even when they have grown cool and dark. But as long as they shine, as they possess a photosphere, they are marvelously contrived to distribute around them a constant supply of light and heat for a long succession of ages after ages.

And yet all suns are far from capable of maintaining life in their neighborhood. First we must exclude variable stars like O of the Whale, which shines for a while very brightly, being then a star of the second magnitude, but gradually going out and remaining invisible—reduced to the fourteenth magnitude—during a period of three hundred and thirty days. Also, we must exclude stars that are too weak, already chilled, or of too slight a mass to have ever possessed a very high temperature. Then there are the colored stars—red, blue, or green—whose light is wanting in certain radiations necessary to the development of organized beings. Above all must be excluded the throngs of stars, crowded by hundreds and thousands within spaces so confined, that the temperature there must be above the limit supportable by living creatures.

Still there remain plenty of stars capable of playing the part of suns, by virtue of their isolation, the intensity, nature, and constancy of their radiation. But in order that globes already cold should be able to benefit by the vivifying influence of one of those suns, it is needful that they revolve round him in orbits that are nearly circular. Very eccentric orbits, like those of the comets, would produce fatal variations.

But even planets with nearly circular orbits are subject to certain restrictions. In the first place, the condition of temperature excludes planets whose axis of rotation is too slightly inclined to the plane of their orbit—Uranus, for instance, each of whose hemispheres sees the Sun during nearly a half-revolution (forty-two years) and is plunged in darkness during the following half-revolution. Even with Venus, the inclination of her axis of rotation to the plane of her orbit is too slight, and must give rise to great and trying changes of temperature. Further, we must exclude globes like the Moon, whose slow revolution on their axis permits or compels nocturnal radiation to exercise a deadly influence, as well as those which, like Saturn, are surrounded by opaque rings whose shadow, falling on the regions most favorable to life, periodically obscures them with continual eclipses.

But astronomical conditions would be absolutely insufficient, even as regards temperature only, if a globe is not surrounded by an atmosphere capable of absorbing and moderating heat during the day, and preventing rapid chills by night. The Moon is an unmistakable instance that this important condition may be wanting. We must therefore strike out of the lists of habitable worlds all planets which have an insufficient atmosphere or none at all. And even an envelope consisting exclusively of permanent gases would not suffice; it would be too permeable to heat; its moderating action would be too limited. An atmosphere can fulfill its office only when water in a liquid state is present on a planet, in consequence of the enormous quantity of heat which its changes of state are susceptible of absorbing in one place, to restore it free at some distant spot.

Next come the geological conditions. The mass of waters ought not to cover the globe entirely; sufficient areas of solid dry land must have emerged. Moreover, the equilibrium of the seas so formed must be stable; that is, their movements, whether of tides or other, must be confined to simple oscillations in permanent basins. Saturn presents to us a globe on which this last condition cannot be realized, because his mean density is inferior to that of water. Nor can Jupiter himself (although his mean density exceeds by a trifle that of water) promise the fulfillment of all these geological conditions; because his remarkable flatness at the poles proves that his superficial density must be considerably inferior to that of water; and we are acquainted with no materials competent to offer sufficient resistance to the action of water under those circumstances. Mars only, with the Earth (without mentioning Venus, of whom our knowledge is too slight,) satisfies the whole of these astronomical, physical and geological conditions. And besides that, it must be confessed that the unchanging aspect of Mars's red continents, contrasting with his slightly greenish seas, is scarcely favorable to the belief in a largely developed organic life on his surface.

We may now pass on to the chemical conditions of life, which spectral analysis has rendered henceforth accessible to inquiry. We now know that the elements necessary to life are widely spread throughout the Universe. Although azote and oxygen have not been recognized by the spectral analysis of the Sun and the stars, the existence of the former gas has been ascertained, or at least rendered probable, in the nebulae; the second is found, even in meteoric stones, almost entirely composed of terroreous oxides. Hydrogen is found everywhere, in the Sun, the stars, the nebulae. Meteoric iron contains quantities of it which were absorbed by the metal at the epoch of its formation, and which can be set at liberty afresh by the action of heat. Carbon has not been found anywhere by the agency of spectral analysis; but the carbonaceous meteorites prove its cosmic existence. Calcium and consequently lime, is very widespread; iron resembles hydrogen, in existing everywhere. Cosmic iron is sufficiently charged with sulphur and phosphorus. In short, all the chemical elements of life seem to be abundantly distributed.

Among composite substances, M. Janssen has enabled us to detect the vapor of water in the atmospheres of several heavenly bodies.

Nevertheless, even these chemical conditions are exceedingly limited in certain respects. Free oxygen can only result from the excess of that gas above the hydrogen absorbed in the formation of water. Consequently, atmospheres may be formed poor in oxygen or even totally deprived of it. In our own solar system, the atmospheres of Jupiter, of Saturn, and especially of Uranus, may be cited as considerably different in composition to our own. Their spectra seem to indicate some combination of vapors or gases of which we have no experience or knowledge.

Moreover, oxygen azote and aqueous vapor are by themselves absolutely insufficient. If our atmosphere and our waters were deprived of the slight quantity of carbonic acid they contain, life would soon disappear from the surface of the Earth. No plants would grow to supply the food of animals and the fuel which makes up for temporary absences of the solar heat. No water-weeds or seaweeds would afford pasture for the mollusks and other creatures with which are fed the fish which feed other fish, waterfowl and marine mammalia. On the other hand, if the proportion of carbonic acid gas exceeded certain limits, the result to life would be equally disastrous.

PREPARING FOR THE SARATOGA REGATTA.

MUCH interest is manifested in the methods of practice adopted by the various college clubs encamped on the shore of Lake Saratoga. The time for exercise is so short, that each crew is sent to its best work. By the middle of last week ten crews were at the Lake, with colors decided, and locations selected, as follows:

Brown, at Moon's; color, brown. Columbia, at Ingram's; colors, blue and white. Cornell, at Ramsdell's; color, carmelian. Dartmouth, at Curtis's; color, green. Harvard, at Schuyler's; color, magenta. Princeton, at John Riley's; color, orange. Trinity, at James Riley's; colors, green and white. Wesleyan, at Abell's; color, lavender. Williams, at Saratoga Rowing Association (Moore's); color, royal purple. Yale, at Myers's; color, dark blue.

The Yale crew consists of

Row.	Name	Age.	Weight.
No. 1.	G. I. Brownell, East Haddam, Conn.	20	155
No. 2.	F. Wood, Norwalk, Conn.	20	170
No. 3.	D. H. Kellogg, Spynen Duyvil, N.Y.	20	165
No. 4.	C. N. Fowler, Lena, Ill.	21	174
No. 5.	J. Kennedy, Struthers,	22	177

The captain is Richard J. Cook. He is twenty-five years old, stands 5 feet 8½, and now weighs 168 pounds. He is a resident of Fayette City, Pa. His practice and training have brought him into superb condition and developed the powers required by the present style of rowing, and no man could be better adapted to row on a sliding seat with the English stroke. He is full of "grit," and determined to the point of obstinacy. Brownell, the bow oar, is said to be the strongest man, as to his arms, in the crew. Wood was stroke of the victorious Freshman crew at Springfield last year, and is considered a scientific oarsman. Kellogg

was also a member of that crew. Fowler, Wood, Kellogg and Cook resemble each other in breadth of back, stoutness of limb and heaviness of loin. Kennedy was the "cynosure of all eyes" last year, and retains the seat in which he then distinguished himself.

Our illustration represents this crew returning from a practice spurt on the Lake at the club-house.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

DISTRESS IN PARIS.—More has been written about the suffering among the destitute in Paris than of any other city in Europe. Directly after the last French war thousands were actually starving. Of course those days have passed away, yet many of the paupers are still almost destitute. Our sketch represents the distribution of bedding to the poor.

MICHAEL ANGELO.—We give a copy of a bas-relief of the famous painter, Michael Angelo, by Julio Bonasono, an Italian artist of merit and distinction. It is considered a good likeness of the great master, being molded after the most authentic records.

CATCHING CODFISH.—Our illustration gives a glimpse of the interior of a fishing-smack, and shows the hardy fishermen taking their ease in the cabin amidst ships. This business is a perilous one, and many a fine fellow has lost his life to supply our table with delicious cod.

LEQUEITIO.—Lequeitio is situated on the Bay of Biscay, in one of the most delightful regions of Spain. Our illustration shows the bay and the mole or basin. It is a scene of recent conflicts between the Republicans and Carlists.

VERDI'S VILLA.—It is not generally known that the composer Verdi has a pretty villa and extensive gardens near the town of Basseto, Italy, which he makes his Summer retreat. Our illustration gives a fair idea of its picturesqueness and comfort.

THE CARLIST WAR.—Marshal Serrano's headquarters, at latest accounts, were at Somorostro, around which he has concentrated his forces. Our picture shows the Marshal's quarters, and the buildings occupied by his staff. The Carlists have lately suffered reverses, but seem to be nowise disheartened.

CAPTURE OF A JUNK.—The French steam frigate *Le Montcalm* has been cruising in Chinese waters, according to orders from Paris, to overhaul and destroy Chinese pirate-junks. She recently sunk one in the Chinese Sea, a few hundred yards from shore, near a coal-up, where the pirates hoped to escape.

FÊTE AT AUXERRE.—A series of fêtes have recently been held at Auxerre, France, on the anniversary of the French evacuation. The scene illustrated in our picture is the procession which illustrates the retreat of the Prussians through the streets of Auxerre.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

WHITTIER will poetize at the Isles of Shoals.

MR. MURAT HALSTEAD and wife have gone to Europe.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY PHELPS, of New York, has gone to Europe.

JUDGE RICHARDSON, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, is at Newport.

GRACE GREENWOOD goes to Colorado with Mary Clemmer Ames.

SECRETARY ROBESON and family are at Rye Beach for the Summer.

GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN is making a tour of Switzerland.

BIERSTADT will spend the Summer sketching the White Mountains.

HENRY C. BOWEN, of the *Independent*, is at his country-seat, Woodstock, Conn.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT will pass the Summer with his family at Saratoga.

EX-MINISTER BASCROFT will spend the greater portion of the season at Newport.

SENATOR FREELINGHUYSEN and family alternate between Long Branch and Cape May.

ADMIRAL PORTER, United States Navy, has settled down with his family at Newport.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY will revel among the high and low C's at the Isle of Shoals.

MISS CARY, contralto, will Summer in Durham, N. H., with her sister, Mrs. J. C. Merrill.

GOVERNOR DIX has left Saratoga, to pass the remainder of the season at his Long Island estate.

THE Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., will have an encampment at Lake Mahopac.

MR. and MRS. SARTORIS are expected in Paris. They will spend the Autumn on the Continent.

CYRUS W. FIELD will spend a portion of the season on Overlook Mountain, among the Catskills.

SENATOR MORTON will spend most of the Summer at Indianapolis, having given up his proposed California trip.

LITTLE TALES OF COMETS.

LEXELL's comet was discovered in June, 1770.

In ancient times comets were called "hairy stars."

SNÆKA relates seeing a large comet near the sun sixty years B. C.

ARISTOTE says that the tail of the comet of 371 A. C. was sixty degrees long.

In 1811, after the comet's appearance, there was an unusually bountiful harvest.

There were two comets in 1805, and the temperature at Paris was exceedingly low.

The comet that appeared before the assassination of Caesar was clearly seen at midday.

The visitor of 1472 described an arc in the heavens of 120 degrees in extent in a single day.

The birth of Mithridates, 230 years before the Christian era, was signalled by a comet of astonishing magnitude.

SEVERAL authors maintained that the extraordinary fog of 1831 and the spread of cholera morbus throughout Europe were occasioned by a comet.

In 1835 there appeared a comet which was visible five weeks. It followed the precise course of Halley's, and was discovered seventy-six years after that which bears his name.

HALLEY, the astronomer, held the idea that a comet had struck the earth in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea, and given it the remarkable indentation, the sea being 300 feet below the level of the ocean.

PINGRE, Apian, Kepler, Longomontanus and Halley made careful observations of comets seen in their day, and each recognized the one seen in his time as that discovered by his predecessors. There was an average interval of seventy-six years between the appearances, viz.: 1466, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE Massachusetts Supreme Court has denied the petition to compel the Boston School Board to receive a woman as a member. . . . The troubles at the Ohio coal mines continue. . . . The San Francisco Custom House was robbed recently. . . . The customs receipts during last month were larger than in June, 1873. There is also an improvement in the internal revenue receipts. . . . The fourth triennial reunion of the Society of the Army of the James will be held in New York City in August or September. . . . The total sales of thoroughbreds at Alexander's Farm, near Spring Station, Ky., amounted to \$40,000. A full brother of Harry Bassett was bought by Colonel McDaniel for \$4,700. . . . A Boston man sent to the Custom House last week a considerable sum of money "for duties evaded in 1873"—which was duly deposited in the United States Treasury. . . . Prominent Republicans are joining the league against the colored men in the parish of St. Mary, La. . . . The Hoosac Tunnel Bill, providing for the incorporation of a board of five trustees to manage the tunnel and its connections in the interest of the State, was passed to its engrossment in the Massachusetts Legislature last week. . . . The recent gale caused much loss of life and property along the eastern coast of New Brunswick, thirty-two lives having been lost, four barks and nine schooners stranded, thirty fishing boats lost, and a large number of nets destroyed. . . . There were over two hundred and fifty applications for admission to the academic and scientific departments of Yale College last week. . . . The wheat crop in the Shenandoah Valley, and in what is known as the Piedmont Section of the State, is, says the *Richmond Whig*, the best average crop raised since the war. . . . The citizens of St. Louis propose to erect a bronze statue to Mr. James B. Eads, the engineer of the bridge at that point. . . . The Government will pay \$22,000,000 gold for the July interest. . . . Shad in Lake Ontario are now plenty, and are increasing very rapidly. They were introduced four years ago, and were entirely new to that region then. It has been supposed that they could not live without salt water, but this shows that they can. . . . There are said to be 140,000 saloons in the country; 128,000 schools, and 54,000 churches. . . . Dr. Hammond's examination in the case of McCormick, who died of hydrophobia, indicates that it is a disease of the nerve centres, and not a blood poison. The dog which bit him is alive and not mad. A printer who was bitten by a dog last April died of hydrophobia. . . . The Board of Estimate and Apportionment received protests against the city budget from two departments, and increased the debt of the city by issues of bonds. . . . A mandamus was applied for against the mayor to compel him to sign warrants for \$138,000, the city's proportion of the cost of grading Fourth Avenue. . . . The United States District Court at Baltimore has decided that F. W. Fishwick, of Halifax, N. S., is the owner of the filibustering steamer *Edgar Stewart*. . . . Charles Sigwall has been found guilty of manslaughter for causing the loss of several lives by the falling of McArthur's building in Buffalo.

FOREIGN.

THE Carlists under Don Alphonso have been defeated near Valencia. General Concha has captured several important positions about Estella. . . . The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia has been sentenced to banishment to the Caucasus for life. . . . It is reported that the Amer of Kashgar has seized the Russian envoy in that country and is preparing for war. . . . The Chinese Government has issued an edict to prevent deterioration in the quality of silk manufactured for exportation. . . . One of the Swiss Cantons has a law prohibiting the use of tobacco among minors. . . . The appearance of the growing crops in France has been much improved by the recent change of weather. . . . A third expedition to Acheen is spoken of, it appearing that the Dutch have only made a partial conquest, notwithstanding official assurances to the contrary. . . . Eighty-two cities in Germany now boast of cremation societies. But we have yet to hear of the first case of cremation. . . . The emigration from Liverpool last month was 17,293. In May, 1873, the number was 35,364, or more than double. . . . Since the first of June a white flag has been floating over the prison in the Castle of Valanguin, Canton of Neuchâtel, a well-known sign that there are no prisoners in it. . . . The returns of the British Board of Trade for May show a decreased movement, both as regards exports and imports. . . . The prospects of the crops in India are greatly improved. The country is likely to be visited by a cyclone. . . . The work on the St. Gothard Tunnel is proceeding very slowly. . . . The London *Spectator* maintains that the reckless extravagance of tourists has spoiled the once honest and contented Chamounix guides, and attracted to the valley many men who, without proper experience, and despite the local regulations on the subject, offer themselves as guides. . . . The locusts are so thick in Algeria that the farmers build large fires, fill the air with smoke and ring bells, to keep them from alighting. . . . The Spanish Government has resolved to erect a monument to General Concha. . . . Galway has returned a Home Ruler to the British Parliament. . . . The crown has been removed from the flag over the palace of the Captain-General of Cuba. . . . A terrible disease, the character of which is not known, has broken out in Tlacotalim, Mexico.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

A new play by Mr. Sardou is already promised for next season at Booth's Theatre.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND, it is said, will act at the Union Square Theatre early in August.

MISS KATE MAYHEW has met with success at the National Theatre, Washington.

WALLACK'S THEATRE is to be provided with a new stage, and other improvements, during the Summer.

MR. GAYLER's new play, "With the Tide," was brought out at McVicker's Theatre, in Chicago, recently.

MR. FRANK MAYO has made a tour of the theatres of New England as *Dary Crockett*, and has been well received.

MR. EDWARD LAMB, the new lessee of the Brooklyn Park Theatre, intends to open it for the regular season about the end of August.

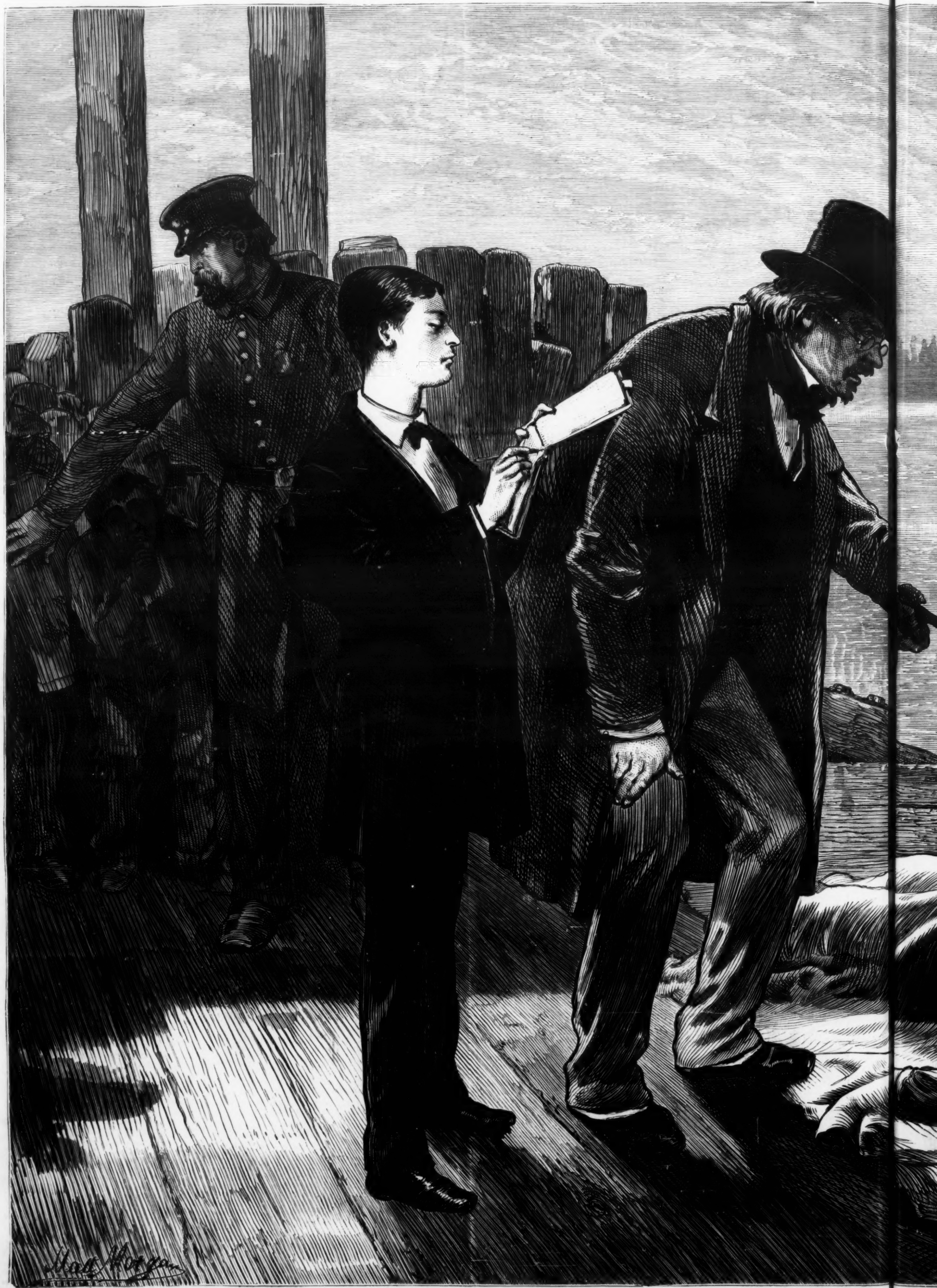
RAIMONDI's opera "Il Ventaglio," after a sleep of forty years, has again come to light in Milan. It requires three buffos, four prima donnas, and two tenors.

MR. ROWE has adapted the French play of "The Sphinx," by Octavien Feuillet, for the Union Square Theatre, in New York. Clara Morris will act the chief part.

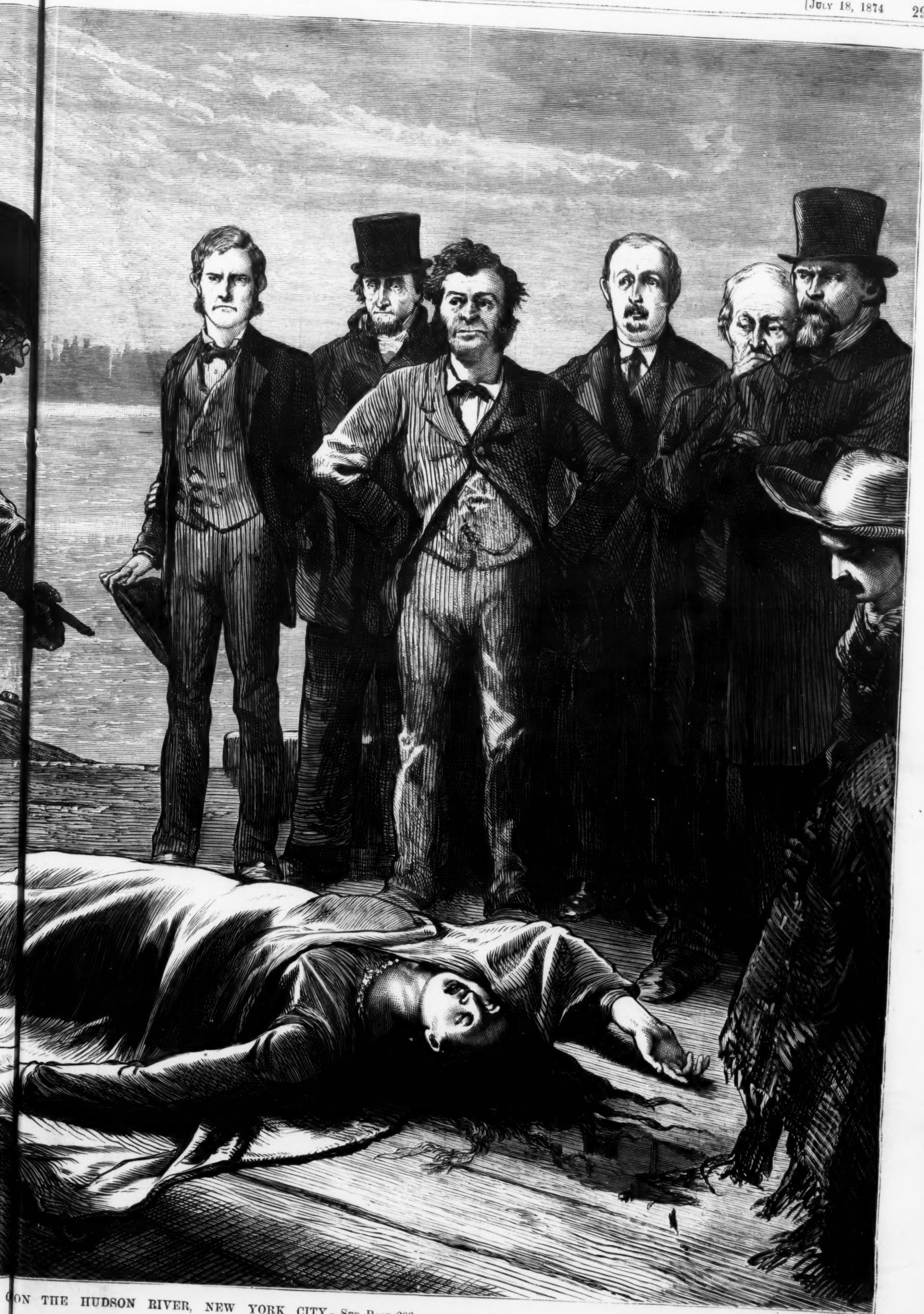
MR. FRECHTER has appeared at Maguire's Theatre, San Francisco, as *Ruy Blas*. The *Amie Troupe* was at the California Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pateman are engaged at the California Theatre till next Summer.

EDWIN BOOTH is said to have suffered a great deal from overwork, ill-fortune and misrepresentation. His health has been injured, and he will now take a considerable time for rest from all active professional labor.

THE various *attachés* of Booth's Theatre had a benefit there on the 1st of July, when, among other features of interest, Mr. Edward Coleman—the *Quilp* of old days—recited "Shamus O'Brien," dressed in characteristic Irish costume.



"FOUND DROWNED."—SCENE AT A CORONER'S INQUEST ON THE



ON THE HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 293.

A FAREWELL.

D. G. ROSSETTI, FROM TOMMASEO.

SOOTHED and pitted thee : and for thy lips—
A smile, a word (sure guide
To love that's ill to hide!)
Was all I had thereof.

Even as an orphan boy, whom, sore distress'd,
A gentle woman meets beside the road
And takes him home with her—so to thy breast
Thou did'st take home my image : pure abode!
'Twas but a virgin's dream. This heart bestowed
Respect and piety
And friendliness on thee ;
But it is poor in love.

No, I am not for thee. Thou art too new,
I am too old, to the old beaten way.
The griefs are not the same which grieve us two :
Thy thought and mine lie far apart to-day.
Less than I wish, more than I hope, always
Are heart and soul in thee.
Thou art too much for me,
Sister, and not enough.

A better and a fresher heart than mine
Perchance may meet thee ere thy youth be told ;
Or, cheated by the longing that is thine,
Waiting for life perchance thou shalt wax old.
Perchance the time may come when I may hold
It had been best for me
To have had thy ministry
On the steep path and rough.

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"ON the nerves, my dear madame—one of those mysterious complications which medicine cannot touch; change of air and scene, cheerfulness, not too much fatigue, care, and plenty of nourishment, are all we can prescribe. With these I hope Miss D'Este may soon be relieved."

This was what the country doctor pronounced when he was called in, late in the summer, to satisfy Mrs. D'Este's anxiety on Lilius's account; she wished to be assured that the listlessness which nothing could rouse, the loss of bloom, of strength, and interest in life, did not mean that her cherished darling was fading away in the grasp of that fatal and insidious disease of her family—consumption.

"The lungs are sound—there is no disease—it is on the nerves," repeated Doctor Perrott. "Frankly, Mrs. D'Este, we are powerless to deal with that sort of thing. If the young lady would only rouse herself—"

The great London physician to whom the girl was carried in turn, she being past resistance now, said the same thing, and all Lilius did was to wonder with a little faint wonder if ever her heart would beat or her pulses thrill again—if indeed it was she who had fallen out of tune and time with all things, or if the world itself had faded into the dreary colorless blank always now spread out before her—if it had of a truth sunk down to that dreary Dead-Sea level over which she looked out day by day, where no wing of life stirred, no ripple of a movement broke, and from which she could shut her eyes and faint away for ever, so easily—so easily!

The fatal languor had not come upon her all at once. In the first stages she had fought desperately with it, goaded and pricked by a sharp, bitter whisper, an intolerable suspicion. She would die rather than play the love-lorn maiden before the world! She put herself on ladies' committees in the little town which served Caergwyn for market and neighborhood rendezvous; she toiled at parish work under Doctor Milson; she undertook stalls for all the fancy bazaars in the county. She even threw herself with feverish energy into such dissipation as the neighborhood afforded, standing whole afternoons at croquet, sitting through interminable luncheons and gossiping afternoon teas, taking an enormous amount "out of herself" in riding to distant picnics, and "going until she dropped, like the thorough-bred creature she was," as old Hunter sagaciously observed when the crash came.

There was general consternation all over the neighborhood when Miss D'Este suddenly and, as it seemed, inexplicably collapsed. The clothing-club meeting and the coal-club committee broke up in despair for want of their energetic young secretary; Doctor Milson moaned helplessly over his sick women and refractory schoolchildren; and every social gathering fell flat, stale and unprofitable, for lack of the brilliant young presence which had hitherto been their life and soul.

Advice and recipes poured in upon poor Mrs. D'Este. Lilius resisted a little longer; she struggled to her feet once again; she laughed at the advice, and she threw Miss Griffiths's pills and Lady Durnford's jelly out of the window, and quieted her mother's worst fears by the reiterated assertion that there was nothing the matter with her—only for a little while though. The flame but leaped up to sink again the faster; and one day Lilius fell, a white heap, on the drawing-room floor, to her mother's intense terror, and gave up the fight from that hour. Then came the doctors and the hurrying from place to place, and all the usual hopeless devices for reaching the sick mind through the weary body. Afterwards the winter came on, and Lilius shivered and shrank before its icy breath. Mrs. D'Este trembled with the old fears, and talked of Madeira in her desperation.

"Just as you please, mamma—anywhere you like. I think it would be pleasant to be warm," said Lilius, with a little wan smile.

They got away before the first hard frost, and Gwen went with them. The devoted little creature fretted and pined for her friend, and longed to be with her and help her as well as she might; finally she talked her father over on the one hand and Lady Durnford, who was not willing to lose "both her girls," as she called them, on the other, and started for London with her maid, appearing before Mrs. D'Este in her lodgings near Bryanston Square, her good little face showing triumphant out of its warm nest of furs.

"I am come to stay with you, if you will have me," said she, entreatingly. "Papa said I might, and I know I shall do dear Lilius heaps of good, and help you in fifty ways; and I have brought Roy to see his mistress."

Mrs. D'Este caught a gleam of brightness on Lilius's pale face as Gwen threw herself into her arms, and she accepted the welcome offer with loving gratitude.

It was not in the least extraordinary that Harry Owen chose just that time for bringing his newly wedded bride down to Pentmawr; his honeymoon was over, and his home was waiting for him there. But Miss Griffiths and one or two more—probably

instigated by that lady—professed to see a good deal in the coincidence with Gwen's departure, and accounted for it after their own manner. But none of these things mattered to the party who were sailing away for warmer climes and brighter skies, and leaving gossip and slander to do their worst.

Lady Strathgyle heard of Lilius's broken health, and was in consequence triumphant.

"That absurd affair has come to nothing, after all, then," said she to her son. "I expect the young fellow has behaved badly—Lilius deserved some such experience—and now she is dying of love for him. Well, all I hope is that she has arrived at regretting her folly. Vesina D'Este told me that Elaine had brought her to London to consult a physician."

Strathgyle had never mentioned his cousin's name since the day she had left Grosvenor Square. He had come back to his usual life at the house and the club when in town, hunting, shooting and riding when in the country; he was a little more taciturn, and a trifle more brusque in manner, perhaps, but in no way did he betray that the disappointment of the Spring still rankled at his heart. Lady Strathgyle, therefore, was a little startled when, for all answer to her speech, he rose up abruptly and quitted the premises.

The dowager had found a duke's daughter, young, beautiful, and rich, who responded very sweetly to such advances as she had made to her, and the ambitious mother hoped that Strathgyle was on the point of showing an interest in the desirable Lady Mary, which might lead to the happiest results. She had thrown out her shaft, partly from a tentative point of view; she was dismayed to find that the "dead love" still showed signs of life, and vexed with herself for her inadvertence. She had overshot her mark for once.

"Nothing on earth is more dangerous than compassion," said she; "and Lady Mary is charming. It would be provoking if that old affair were to come on again, just as Strathgyle was getting so well over it. And Lilius might make it up with him now that the other has fallen through."

The dowager's down pillow was stuffed with thorns that night.

Strathgyle made his way to Lady Vesina D'Este, and astounded her by the unusual civility of a call.

"Now, what do you want?" said she at once. "A place for one of your constituents, or to sell a horse, or D'Este to dine with you at the club, and talk over the coming division? What is it? I know you have not come expressly to pay me the empty honor of a visit."

"But indeed I have," he protested. "I had an hour to spare, and I bethought me that I had not seen you for an age."

"Very good of you," said she, "considering how many better things you must have to think of. I quite agree with you that we ought to meet oftener. I will send you a card for my 'At Home' the day after to-morrow. That will be, at least, an occasion."

"No, don't!" cried he, shrugging his shoulders. "I never go to 'At Homes.'"

"Then I'll give you a cup of tea, and make the most of the present opportunity. I have fifty things to say to you. By-the-way, did you hear that Elaine has been in town, and that she has gone to Madeira for Lilius's health?"

She was watching him narrowly as she spoke; she at least did not agree with Lady Strathgyle, that it would be a pity if "that old affair" were to come on again."

"To Madeira!" he echoed, looking down intently into his cup, as if he were scientifically analyzing the proportions of cream and sugar.

"Yes, to Madeira. The poor girl is fading from low spirits, or something. Elaine is fearfully anxious. For my part, I think, when girls get into that way, it isn't climate they want to cure them, but a good turn."

"A good turn?" he repeated.

"Yes, a little happiness," said Lilius's other cousin, decisively. "Let me give you another cup of tea. I don't know how Elaine is going to manage it; it's a frightful expense for her with her limited income, you know. Are you going? Well, good-by; and, when you have got through a month or two without seeing me again, I hope another 'happy thought' will send you to my drawing-room."

Lord Strathgyle hailed a hansom, and drove as fast as it could rattle to the bank, somewhere about Piccadilly, where he kept his account. The bank was closed, but the manager had not yet gone, and of course he would see Lord Strathgyle; "my lord" was used to find that little handle to his name an "open sesame" wherever he went.

Mrs. D'Este had an account at the same bank, and Lord Strathgyle was her trustee. There were some rather intricate business transactions to be gone through with the manager, in which the trusteeship was concerned—very intricate and mysterious to the uninitiated, but the manager and his lordship seemed to see their way through them with wonderful clearness. And the result of it all was that Mrs. D'Este's account was credited with a sum of five hundred pounds over and above its standing amount—the result, as the manager gravely explained to her at the end of the year, of some extraordinary rise in the value of her property, on which she could not possibly have counted, etc.

Mrs. D'Este was a very superior woman, but her ideas on the subject of investments were remarkably misty and undefined, thoroughly feminine; she usually, in fact, left all these things to her trustees and her solicitor. So she took the addition to her income without any further question, and was exceedingly grateful to Providence for it; while Lord Strathgyle congratulated himself silently on the success of his work.

Lady Mary Tudor remained Lady Mary Tudor still, very much to the dowager's chagrin, and, it must be confessed, a little to her own.

Through all that winter Lord Strathgyle was known as one of the hardest-working and most public-spirited young noblemen of his day. Most of his opponents, and a few even of his friends and colleagues, believed him to be the author of that series of splendid articles in a leading organ of public opinion, which articles, sown broadcast over the land, were bringing forth their fruit.

But whether Lord Strathgyle, knowing the prestige of an *incognito*, chose still to thunder forth from behind a cloud, or whether it was true, as he protested, that he was innocent of the authorship in question, nobody knew.

Amongst those who really believed that for "Hampton" might be read "Strathgyle" was his cousin, Lady Vesina D'Este, who, as was well known, took a lively and intelligent interest in politics, and whose drawing-room was called in her set "the lobby."

"Let him alone," she would say to the dowager, when she was fretted about Strathgyle's matrimonial prospects; "he has no time to marry. He has better things to do just now; that other will come by-and-by."

"When the Spring sunshine tempts Lilius back with the swallows," she added to herself, "then will be time enough." And apparently Strathgyle was of the same opinion.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IT was Spring already in that beautiful isle of the sea, Madeira, where the roses bloomed, and the scent of the sweet olives filled the soft balmy air; and the almost magic beauty of the even stirred a little faint wave of life at Lilius's languid heart—she had always loved beauty so intensely—whereupon Mrs. D'Este and Gwen fanned the feeble flame with unremitting care and love, and almost held their breath lest a word might extinguish it and all their hopes together.

To Lilius herself, as she was borne away for hours together in her hammock, with that smooth, undulating movement which is the very poetry of motion, through the orange groves and the wilderness of flowers, it seemed as if she could ask nothing better than to close her eyes in that sweet, perfumed air, and to faint away altogether from the life which had so slight a hold upon her.

So the winter passed with little change, and when the Spring came the little party crossed over to Lisbon, hoping something from newer and scarcely less lovely scenes.

Lilius let them carry her where they would; she had but one feeling strong enough to pierce through the listless dream in which her days were passed—the desire not to return to England or to Caergwyn. Just one barbed arrow had power to wound her still—the thought that she had given her love where it had been thrown back again upon her own heart; and a faint echo of pain, which would have been an agony of shame at another time, thrilled through that deadly languor which those who watched her so anxiously feared might yet prove the fatal torpor of death.

To Lisbon then they went, little guessing what fate held, waiting there for them—first of all, for Gwen.

A handsome young *attaché* came from the English Embassy charged to conduct his fair countrywomen to every spot of interest in the town and neighborhood, and, for his sins, fell in love with pretty, tender little Gwen. But Gwen had no heart save for her friend, and young Howard pleaded in vain. No doubt the incident had its influence in adding an extra shade of romantic interest to the picturesque town, but it touched no deeper chord of the faithful, loving nature.

It was in the beautiful English cemetery that Lilius cared most to spend the sunny afternoons, lying back in her invalid-chair, often with folded hands and closed eyes, and a white, still face which moved her friends to tears—it was so like one of the sculptured figures around them.

The lovely spot won even upon Mrs. D'Este, who had at first deprecated this fancy of Lilius's, and she would bring her book or her work, and sit by her daughter's side, amongst the garlanded graves, between the hedges of rich scarlet geraniums and beds of many-colored ranunculus, whilst Gwen wandered away, spelling out the inscriptions, and giving herself up to the gentle, holy sadness of the place. Sometimes Lilius would be gazing at the deep-blue sky, or at the dark, solemn cypress-trees, studded with the brilliant shining stars of the climbing geranium-flowers, and puzzling out, in a drifting, aimless way, the broken story of her life.

"Mother," said she, one day, lingering on the word with a tender emphasis which went to Mrs. D'Este's heart, "I would live, if I could, for your sake and Gwen's, just to thank you for all your love and care; but I cannot—oh, I cannot!" she repeated, piteously. "There is nothing to come back to. It is all a blank—a cold, dreary blank."

"My darling," whispered Mrs. D'Este, "it is only your weakness which draws a veil between you and all that is bright and pleasant in the world. It will all come back when you grow strong again."

"I meant to make so much of my life," sighed Lilius, wearily—"I had such visions of what I might do. I am punished for my presumption."

Mrs. D'Este's heart sank with a dull throb of dismay. It was so pathetic to hear Lilius speaking of herself in that past tense, as if it all were over and finished for her, and the end had come already.

Gwen was near, sitting on one of those flat tombstones, in the hideous taste of the last century, which seem intended to keep the body they cover from ever rising again—an ancient stone, overgrown with lichens and mosses, and half-smothered in the lavish growth which had stretched over from the inclosures of better-cared for tombs, like large-hearted Christians who drop a tear over a stranger's grave whilst they tend their own dead.

Gwen's feet were buried ankle-deep in the peach-colored petals shed from the Judas-trees overhead, and she was intently occupied in making out the half-obliterated letters of a name carved on the stone.

"Oh, Lilius!" she cried, suddenly turning round to her. "It is—it really is 'CAERGWYN'! It's as plain as possible. Look here," holding aside a long trailing branch of crimson roses. "And the date! I can't quite make it out; seventeen hundred and something. There is only one family of Caergwyns, you know; it must be one of them."

The next moment Gwen was almost as much startled as if the century-buried inhabitant of the grave beneath her feet had risen before her; for Lilius was standing by her side, roused, eager, steadying her faltering limbs against the stone slab.

"The name," said she—"the Christian name?"

It was no easy matter to trace it, from the neglect and decay of a whole age. Lilius went down on her knees upon the cold stone, and searched it out with eager, trembling fingers.

"Mamma, mamma," she exclaimed, "it is—it is—the grave of John! What will old Morgan say? He is found—he is found! And we have found him! Here it is—there is no mistaking it:

"JOHN CAERGWYN,
1763."

Just think! He has been sleeping here, in this lovely, calm spot, all these long years, and the curse he brought on the family has been making the home he left desolate, and working like a subtle poison through every generation."

"Oh, Lilius, I declare you are a believer in old Morgan!" cried Mrs. D'Este, with happy pretense of chiding.

"I really think I am," returned Lilius, smiling for the first time for many months. "You know one can't help believing what one sees. But, mamma, what will you do? Will you write to—old Morgan? He will want to come out here, and see for himself what we have found. That we should have found it, is it not wonderful?"

The most wonderful thing of all to Mrs. D'Este was the awakening which had come to her darling. She feared to withdraw her eyes for a single instant lest the blessed good should vanish again. Gwen was weeping tears of joy under the shadow of her broad-brimmed gypsy hat, as she clung to the pale little hands which still hovered over the weather-beaten letters.

"Mamma, won't you write?"

"Yes, dear; but there must be some register of names kept here. We had better verify our story before we raise Morgan's expectations, you know."

"Certainly. Well, you know the chaplain, and there is the parsonage; we will go at once and ask him about it."

The chaplain received them courteously, and hunted through the old moth-eaten records in obedience to their request.

"Here it is," said he, at last, putting his finger on the entry.

Yes, there it was—they crowded round to see—on the yellow, shriveled parchment, the name which had been so mysteriously famous in the family history.

"John Caergwyn. Died, February 8th, 1763."

That was all. None of the usual data of parentage and birthplace. It was evident that he had lived and died a stranger in that remote spot. The fierce wild heart had beaten itself to death against the walls of its earthly prison, asking sympathy and seeking aid from none, closed to the last against its fellows, cherishing probably its own life-wrong, and doubling its bitterness.

"I can fancy how he died, leaving his sting behind him. He must have been a vindictive, cruel man," said Lilius, that evening, as she discussed the subject, for the fiftieth time, with a zest that Mrs. D'Este blessed in her heart. "Now, mamma, let us write your letter to them—to old Morgan and Mrs. Phillips, I mean. Just think what a sensation it will make at the Gray House. I wish we could be there to hear it."

"Shall we carry the great news home ourselves?"

"No, no," answered Lilius, shrinking. "We need not go home yet, need we? Lisbon is doing me so much good."

"True," assented her mother, who had no desire to risk any change from the present happy state of things.

So the great news was written to Caergwyn, and in the course of time came the answer from Mrs. Phillips:

"DEAR MADAME—Your welcome letter has been a great pleasure and honor to us all—especially to me and Morgan. We are very much surprised that you should have found Mr. John's grave so far from home, and Morgan sends his respectful duty, and says you have done a great service to the family; he will have it that, now that Mr. John is found, all will be well with the good old house. I pray that I may live to see it."

"We have sent your valued letter on to the young gentleman. Mr. David is not with the regiment just now; but we hear that his health is quite set up again. Sir Vyvyan is still away traveling with Mr. David, somewhere abroad."

"Dear and honored madame, we shall be very glad when you and the family come back again. It has been very dull here this winter; it never was very gay, but we miss you all sadly, and hope that you and our own young master will come back in the Spring. We were very pleased to hear of Miss D'Este being so much better, and we hope it may continue. I send my humble duty, and thanks for your kindness. Yours, respectfully,
"MARTHA PHILLIPS."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"COME, Vyvyan, old fellow, put away all that, and come out for a row this splendid morning. You'll grind your brains to powder if you go on so."

David was standing over his brother at the window of the hotel looking on to the Lake of Lucerne, whither the wanderings of the pair had brought them this bright May-day. Anywhere, everywhere the two were prepared to go, excepting back to Caergwyn—poor deserted Caergwyn!—where a host of stinging memories lay in ambush which one at least of the brothers had not the courage to face as yet.

Vyvyan looked up with a glance of involuntary admiration, perhaps with just a little passing throb of envy, at the stalwart young figure which had reached such a splendid development in the last year of regained strength and health—at the bright unshadowed face, to which the old debonair look had returned; and a smile broke over the settled gravity of his own pale, wan countenance, where thought and over-work had set their mark.

"Powdered brains!" he repeated. "Your anatomical knowledge is defective, David."

"Possibly," returned the other; "you see I have no personal experience of the effect of such work as yours upon the internal organs. Come out into the glorious sunshine, Vyvyan; the lake is like molten glass. It's a sin and a shame to stay indoors and on shore to-day."

"I believe you are right," said Vyvyan, putting up his papers.

They talked of everything as they floated lazily along under the deep blue sky, over the scarcely rippling lake, in the dreamy, delicious, already Summer air—of the probability of war, a chance which stirred David's young blood—of the hope that the—th would be one of the regiments selected for service—of the last great reform wrought by "Hampton's" pen—of Doctor Milson's book, the product of half a lifetime of thought and literary labor, just launched into the scientific world; and from this, by an easy transition, they spoke of Caergwyn. It was David who ventured, cautiously and wistfully, to approach the painful subject.

"Poor old Caergwyn!" said he. "I shall have to run down and take a look at the Gray House before—if, I mean—I am ordered off to Abyssinia."

Vyvyan said nothing, but busied himself with the shrouds of the boat.

"Is it not easier, Vyvyan?" asked David, softly.

"It will never be easier, David," answered the other, in a low tone, "but I will do it when I can. I feel, as you do, that I am neglecting my duties, leaving my proper post vacant."

"Not that—I did not mean that," hastily deprecated his brother. "But, Vyvyan, it is dreary to think of the old home shut up. And I saw Lady Durnford in London this Spring. She gave me a hint that there might be a seat vacant before long for the county, and that, if you were only on the spot, that would give you more scope and power—would further all your plans, you know," he added, watching his brother anxiously as he spoke.

"Yes, it is true," returned Vyvyan, with a flush on his brow; "and Caergwyn should take its place, and do its duty—it has been left undone too long," he added, under his breath.

"I wonder how old Morgan and the rest get on?" said David, dwelling fondly on the subject. "It would be joyful news to them all, Vyvyan, to hear that you were going back; and, now that Little Caergwyn is empty—"

"Empty!" echoed Vyvyan. "Williams has not told me—Doctor Milson said nothing in his last letter. I did not know that they had left."

"Lady Durnford told me Mrs. D'Este was abroad—they have been abroad all the winter," said David. "It must have been very dreary in the valley."

"David," spoke Vyvyan, suddenly, "would you like to finish your leave at home—at Caergwyn, I mean?"

"If—if you could do it, Vyvyan," replied David, his eyes sparkling.

"We will start to-night, if you are ready," decided the other.

"To-night! It will take us four days to get there."

I shall have a month left for Caergwyn!" exclaimed David, in a tone of such ringing delight as flushed even Vyvyan's cold anticipation with a faint shade of enthusiasm.

David was such a boy still—all his life he would be a boy in that beautiful simplicity and singleness of heart, that cordial enjoyment and freshness of feeling, of which all who knew him felt the irresistible charm.

The elder brother, so travel-worn and weary already from life's journey, envied the younger in good earnest now, whilst he thanked heaven that the cloud he had once dreaded was not likely to settle down between them.

"Let us take them by surprise—don't write," David was saying, eagerly. "Mrs. Phillips will be at her wits' end on account of the larder; but we can send over supplies from Pembroke, eh, Vyvyan?"

It was not all selfish, this delight of David's. He had succeeded in breaking up that silence and avoidance which he had especially dreaded for Vyvyan. The wound, if not healed, would at least be more healthy. A return to the old scenes, where his duty and his first legitimate call lay, would be the first step towards possible healing. The next might be the taking up of that Parliamentary ambition which Lady Durnford had hinted would find its field; and so Vyvyan's life might wake up into something like happiness again. So David, strong and wise in his affection, hoped and planned from the sunny outlook of his own bright temperament.

"I wonder if the English post is in?" he exclaimed, as he sprang lightly ashore. "Come on, Vyvyan—I'm as hungry as a hunter or a sailor."

The usual packet of English papers lay upon the table as the two young men entered their room at the hotel. David turned them over.

"One letter—only one—and from Morgan. How odd that we should have been speaking of the old man just now!"

David stood watching, just a little impatiently, whilst his brother, without any hurry, opened and spelled out the cramped, ill-written epistle.

"Vyvyan, what is it? Not bad news, I hope?" It crossed his mind that perhaps the Hall was burnt down, or Doctor Milson dead, or—he could think of nothing else to account for the sudden pallor which overspread Vyvyan's features, and the agitation which caused the outspread letter to tremble like a dead leaf between his fingers.

Vyvyan threw the sheet of paper over to his brother and sat down.

"By George!" exclaimed David, excitedly, his eyes opening wide as he read. "Vyvyan, they have found—Mrs. D'Este and Lillias—they too of all the people in the world—they have found that grave! Morgan was right; he always said it would be found. But that they should find it! Morgan is half crazy with delight; he says that the spell is broken, the 'curse' is over and ended, the good old house is redeemed; he says—"

The young fellow stopped abruptly and stared at his brother, as a new and overwhelming thought followed in his mind.

"David," said the other, hoarsely, "what if this should mean release? What if it should mean all that I gave up in that promise to my father?"

"It does—it will!" cried David, eagerly. "Oh, Vyvyan, Morgan is right! Caergwyn is saved! If my father had only lived to see it!"

It was curious to hear with what solemn gravity these two handled the traditions of their family; it might have provoked a smile from other men to see how the young Caergwyns shaped their conduct on what would seem to the world but an idle superstition, but was, to a Caergwyn, a deep reality. They might try as they would to shake off, in the world, the effect of these things; it remained in them a strong, serious faith, coming to the front in emergencies, and influencing their deliberate actions in a way they themselves would scarcely have attempted to excuse or explain. Perhaps it was more an instinct than a faith; but it would hardly have applied the test of reason to it, but it was none the less powerful and irresistible.

"What will you do?" asked David, presently, when he had read, for the third or fourth time, that letter from Mrs. D'Este to Mrs. Phillips which had been inclosed in Morgan's, and which seemed to stamp the wonderful story with the indisputable impress of truth. "What will you do now, Vyvyan?"

"I?" answered Vyvyan, rousing himself from a long dream. "I will go at once there—to Lisbon, I mean—to verify it with my own eyes. That is, if it will not disappoint you to give up Caergwyn for a little while, David."

"Disappoint me? Not a bit," returned David. "We will go to Lisbon first, and on to Caergwyn afterwards, in triumph."

There was a double triumph in David's mind as he spoke; but he did not put it into words. Perhaps Vyvyan guessed it, for his eyes flashed, and the hard, worn lines about his mouth softened into smiles which brought back the youth and the sweetness to the handsome, dark Caergwyn face, "so like John's in the picture," David thought, as he sat opposite to it at the delayed meal, and discussed plans with a zest and eagerness Vyvyan had not so entered into for many a long day.

"If we could only send for old Morgan!" said David. "It would be a grand thing for the old man to see the grave in which have been buried the fortunes of our family. What do you say, Vyvyan?"

"I am afraid the undertaking would be too much for the old man," answered the elder brother; "you know he has never been further than twenty miles from Caergwyn in his life, and, besides, you must remember, David, we have not seen it ourselves yet. If it should prove to be a mistake, after all?"

David laid down his knife and fork and turned pale.

"You are not afraid of that, Vyvyan?"

"No, not exactly," answered the other; "but it has to be counted among the possibilities."

"I refuse to count it!" exclaimed David, recovering from the momentary check, and laughing. "Mrs. D'Este is too certain on the point for me to doubt; you see, she says she has seen the register—but we will have a photograph taken of the spot for Morgan. He must have been of a hard, bitter nature, that ancestor of ours," he added, reflectively. "Fancy, Vyvyan, one of us two flinging himself apart from the other for life and death—why, it would be impossible!"

No, their story had had a different ending, thought Vyvyan, as he looked across at his younger brother.

"David," said he, suddenly, a light breaking in upon him, "will you tell me now the true history of that quarrel with Stratigraphy?"

"Not now—not yet," answered David, reddening and shrinking. "Perhaps some day, Vyvyan; but don't ask me about it now."

And Vyvyan was compelled to respect the secret, whatever it might be.

David brought out his *Bradshaw*, and strewed the table with way-bills, etc.

"Then we are off to Marseilles this evening," said he, plunging into the intricate questions of trains and time. "Let me see the route. Well, we

little thought, when we left England six weeks ago, with the world all before us, where to choose, that we should land at John's grave!"

(To be continued.)

A NEW YORK ELEVATOR LOADING A EUROPEAN STEAMER.

BEFORE floating elevators were invented grain was all put on board ship by hand, in half-bushel measures, passed along like buckets of water at a country fire. Two days were then required to unload a single barge which had been towed alongside the ship. The first floating elevator was used at New York by Paul Groat, a measurer well-known in his day, and but a few years deceased. Since its introduction the grain trade has assumed such proportions that twenty of the most powerful elevators are now employed in the harbor and port of New York.

When in operation the position of the elevator is between the ship that is to be loaded and the barge containing the grain. One "leg," as the long hollow box is called, is lowered into the grain and the machinery started. Within this leg is an endless leather strap fitted with metallic buckets. As this strap revolves each bucket catches up a quantity of grain and whirled it up the leg, where it descends into the hopper. This holds about forty bushels, and is attached to a scale. As soon as the hopper is full, the bottom is opened and the grain is sent down to the machinery for blowing and cleaning, where the chaff and dirt are separated from the wheat. Then the wheat is again elevated to the top of the leg, whence it passes through another leg into the hold of the vessel.

In addition to these floating elevators, several grain warehouses have similar apparatus, and a large number of vessels are sent to these stores to load. This is done when the cargo is entirely in grain.

In the Upper Lake ports the loading is effected entirely by stationary elevators, because vessels take on nothing but grain; but at New York, where ocean vessels, steamers and packet ships load with miscellaneous cargoes, and grain is sometimes but a small part, it is evident that the vessels cannot go to such elevators to take on but a limited amount of freight. Therefore, whatever grain is taken must be received alongside and by floating apparatus.

These floating elevators are capable of taking up, blowing, screening and discharging into a vessel's hold from 2,000 to 3,000 bushels per hour; while, according to the former method, it would require two days to transfer a quantity that is now handled in three hours.

ENGLISH VENUSES.

AMERICAN WOMEN have been accused of being only ear modest, and have been laughed at because they objected to the broad language used by foreigners, particularly by Englishmen, in conversation. Even mock modesty is preferred to a lack of the article. Some years since Mrs. Mowatt wrote home that titled ladies in London had their feet and legs modeled, and these models were kept as ornaments on their drawing-room tables, and sold in the shops. This seemed so incredible to American ears that one of the leading magazine writers of the country, in an editorial, called in question the statement. This produced a letter from an artist in London well known to the editor, in which he vouched for the truth of it. He had given Mrs. Mowatt the information. He mentioned several instances, one in particular, where an artist he knew had taken the cast of the leg and foot of a titled lady for a drawing-room ornament. He further added: "It was not at all an extraordinary occurrence, or one likely to excite surprise or remark."

One is happy in the knowledge that although some of our women, particularly those who have been to Europe, think it elegant and *distingue* to wear their dresses so low that little is left to the imagination as to the formation of the upper part of their bodies, they have not yet reached the point at which their English sisters have arrived in their selection of parlor ornaments. Perhaps their failure in this respect may be owing to the absence of beauty in foot and limb, a French artist having lately declared this was a great deficiency in American women. Few have faith in the beauty that is unseen. Madame de Stael said her only beauty was her arm, and this was not given her that she might conceal it; so she always had it uncovered. Pauline Bonaparte, the "little fool," was of the same opinion as the great writer. She stood to Canova as a model for a nude statue of Venus. We all remember her reply when asked if she did not suffer in so doing: "Oh, no; there was a fire in the room."

His tongue dropped manna and could make the worse appear the better reason to perplex and dash maturest counsels.—*Milton*.

I AM a man of peace; God knows I love peace, but I hope I may never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace.—*Kossuth*.

The block of granite, which was an *obstacle* in the path of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Carlyle*.

PAY not before thy work be done; if thou dost, it will never be well done; and thou wilt have but a pennyworth for two pence.—*Franklin*.

PERSEVERANCE is a Roman virtue that wins each godlike act, and plucks success even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.—*Howard*.

PROVIDENCE has hidden a charm in difficult undertakings, which is appreciated only by those who dare to grapple with them.—*Mme. Serechne*.

TO TELL our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.

I hold a doctrine, to which I owe not much, indeed, but all that little I ever had, namely, that with ordinary talent, and extraordinary perseverance, all things are attainable.—*Sir T. F. Burton*.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up-hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob.—*Emerson*.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft has for some years been accumulating a library of works relating to the Pacific Coast, out of which he intends compiling a complete cyclopedia. His collection amounts to about 16,000 volumes, besides manuscripts, maps and journals, which he is having indexed preparatory to commencing work upon the cyclopedia. This index alone will, it is estimated, cost more than \$10,000, and undoubtedly will be a monument of biographical industry and perseverance.—*Tribune's American and Oriental Record*.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

COUNT WILCZEK, the Austrian traveler, the *Geographical Magazine* informs us, is preparing for a second Arctic voyage during the season to Novaya Zemlya. He intends to launch provision-laden balloons in various directions, in the hope of succoring the Austro-Hungarian Tegethoff expedition.

COLOR IN ANIMALS.—Mr. J. A. Allen has a paper on geographical variation in color among North American squirrels, exhibiting many specimens in illustration of his remarks. The law of geographical variation in size, that representatives of the same species decrease in size with decrease in latitude or altitude of their range, was established by Professor Baird in 1857-58, in respect to both mammals and birds, who also noticed the occurrence of variation with locality in some other respects. Laws have been found to govern these variations as well, and are as follows: (1) Enlargement of peripheral parts towards the southwards; (2) increase in depth, intensity, and extent of dark colors towards the southwards, and (3) increase of color with increase of humidity, or the correlation of color and the mean annual rainfall.

COAL PROCESS.—It seems probable that vegetable matter may, under favorable conditions, be converted into coal much more rapidly than most chemical geologists are in the habit of assuming. At least, a curious instance of an approach towards such conversion, within the historic period, has been brought before the German Geological Society by Herr Hirschwald, of Berlin. In one of the old mines in the Upper Hartz—the Dorothea Mine, near Clausthal—some of the wood originally employed as timbering has become so far altered as to assume most of the characters of a true lignite, or brown coal. It appears that certain of the levels in the ancient workings of this mine are filled with refuse matter, consisting chiefly of fragments of clay slate, more or less saturated with mine-water, and containing here and there fragments of the old timbering. This wood when in the mine is wet and of a leathery consistence, but on exposure to the air it rapidly hardens to a solid substance, having most, if not all, the characters of a true lignite. It breaks with a well-marked conchoidal fracture, and the parts which are most altered present the black lustrous appearance characteristic of the German "pitch-coals." At the same time, chemical examination of the altered wood shows that it stands actually nearer to true coal than do some of the younger tertiary lignites. This instance seems, therefore, to prove that pine-wood, when placed under highly favorable conditions, may be converted into a genuine lignite within a period which, from what we know of the history of mining in the Hartz, cannot have extended beyond four centuries.

A CURIOUS ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON.—During the past three nights, says the Virginia (Nevada) *Enterprise*, the engineers and machinists at the round house of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad Company, in this city, have been in a state of lively excitement about some strange electrical disturbances which have occurred there every night. For three nights all hands have been engaged in trying to solve the mystery, but have only partially succeeded. The company erected a large smoke-stack, which rises to a considerable height above the roof of the round house. At the base this smoke-stack is spread out in the shape of a funnel. It was built in order that the locomotives may stand under it and cool off when they come in off the road, and also while being fired up in the morning. Into the side of this smoke-stack, three or four days ago, was run a stove-pipe from a stove standing in a room about forty feet distant. It is about this stove that the electrical disturbances take place. The first that was observed of these was about eleven o'clock, four nights since, when P. Pippingham, a well-known machinist, approached the stove for the purpose of putting a stick of wood into it. As the stick neared the stove, he received such a shock that it fell from his hand and his arm was numbened. He at first thought he had taken a sudden cramp in his arm. In trying again to put the wood into the stove, he received a second shock. This time he perceived a flash and heard a sharp snap, which he at once recognized as a discharge of electricity. They tried all manner of experiments, and found that the stove was fully and heavily charged with electricity, it giving out sparks and flashes when a piece of iron, steel, wood or the naked hand approached it. After an hour or two the phenomenon ceased. The next day nothing was seen of it; but the next night, about eleven o'clock, shortly after a locomotive came in and stopped under the funnel of the smoke-stack, the stove was again charged and began snapping and crackling; sending out sparks and flashes on all sides. So it has been every night since. They now know that the heated locomotive causes this electrical display, but in just what way is that which is still puzzling them.

MR. DARWIN is at present engaged in investigating some of the flesh-eating plants, and some of his notes upon *Dionaea muscipula*, or Venus Fly Trap, are very interesting. The leaf of this plant is of very peculiar form. The blade of the leaf consists of two nearly semi-circular halves or lobes, which are united together along their straight borders by a strong mid-rib. On to this the two lobes are set in planes which are nearly at right angles to each other. The curved outer edge of each lobe is strengthened by a thickened border or hem. From the hem spring some twenty spikes on either side, which are directed upwards and inwards. The under surface is bright green, smooth and glistening, and is marked with parallel streaks. The upper surface is pink or red, and is set with little red projections, which are called glands. Even after slight irritation, such as that which is produced when a fly merely touches one of the sensitive hairs, or when they are touched with a dry camel hair pencil, the leaf remains closed for some time, usually more than twenty-four hours. But if a fly is caught, or any other nutritious substance is introduced, the case is different. For a week or more the leaf remains closed on its prey, the two lobes being at first pressed flat against each other. The two lobes, indeed, close round the fly so completely that its body gives rise to two projections of the (outer) surface of each lobe, which correspond to it in form. The result of this is that the secreting glands on the part of the leaf against which the body of the fly presses are irritated and begin to pour out a quantity of secretion. Gradually this effect extends to the rest of the leaf, and consequently its cavity becomes gradually extended. Between this process and digestion the resemblance, as Mr. Darwin has found by a most elaborate comparative investigation, is complete. It digests exactly the same substances in exactly the same way, &c., it digests the albuminous constituents of the bodies of animals just as we digest them. In both instances it is essential that the body to be digested should be steeped in a liquid, which in *Dionaea* is secreted in the red glands on the upper surface of the leaf; in the other case by the glands of the mucous membrane. In both the act of secretion is excited by the presence of the substance to be digested. In the leaf, just as in the stomach, the secretion is not poured out unless there is something nutritious contained in it for it to act upon, and finally in both cases the secretion is acid. As regards the stomach, we know what the acid is; it is hydrochloric acid. As regards the leaf, we do not know precisely as yet, but Mr. Darwin has been able to arrive at very probable conclusions, the setting forth of which we look forward to in his expected work on the *Proserpine*.

Is Columbus if a young man cheats at croquet the young ladies across the flange of his ear with a mallet.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ADMIRAL PORTER is at Gettysburg.

NILSSON made \$87,240 last season.

GOLDWIN SMITH is coming back to America.

The late Mr. J. M. Bellow, the elocutionist, died a Roman Catholic.

MR. JAMES LICK objects to being called the Californian Peabody.

ROCHEFORD was offered \$40,000 to establish a journal in England.

GIDEON WELLES is spending the evening of his days at his home in Connecticut.

THE REV. MORGAN DIX, rector of Trinity Church, New York, has gone to Europe with his bride.

THE British Ambassador at Constantinople has offered his services as mediator between Turkey and Persia.

It was General Concha's intention to proclaim Prince Alfonso King of Spain as soon as he subjugated the Carlists.

ANDRE's pocketbook has been placed beside Arnold's watch in the cabinet of the Connecticut Historical Society.

SAVE for Jefferson, who played a fiddle, and Jackson, who liked negro melodies, we never have had a musical President.

CANON KINGSLEY has been visiting the cañons of California, and is taking the Northwestern Territories on his way home.

THE Astors own 1,500 houses in New York City. William B. Astor, the senior of the family, is worth \$45,000,000.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT's blue eye is as bright and piercing as ever, but the frost is settling fast on his head and whiskers.

A GIRL arrested in Boston the other day for stealing an apple was so weak for want of food that she fainted away in the courtroom.

THOMAS CARLYLE has just been nominated by the German Emperor a Knight of the Friedens-Klasse of Frederick the Great's Order.

QUEEN VICTORIA and the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil have exchanged congratulatory messages on the successful laying of the Brazilian cable.

FATHER HYACINTHE is willing to be reconciled with the Pope on condition that he shall bless his baby and renounce his claims to infallibility.

GENERAL BUTLER declined a serenade by the Union soldiers, because he had not accomplished enough, in his opinion, to warrant his accepting the honor.

FRANCIS JOSEPH has given 6,000 florins to the Beethoven monument at Vienna, with the stipulation that the work shall be pushed forward immediately.

REV. MRS. PHOEBE HANFORD, the Universalist preacher of Jersey City, has a son in the profession, and is still lively as a cricket and looks as young as a belle.

MISS FAITHFULL announces a new paper. It is to be issued weekly. Her usefulness does not stop there. She is giving private lessons in elocution in London.

THE only surviving Yale graduate of the last century is Rev. Thomas Williams, of Providence, R. I., who was born November 5th, 1779, and graduated in 1800.

TOM HOOD died composing a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a lively Hood.

GENERAL McCOOK has received his commission and taken the oath of office as Governor of Colorado. He will reach Denver early in July to enter upon his duties.

SENATOR HOWE is said to be writing the address of the Republican Congressional Committee. It will probably be like its author's memory—remarkable for what it does not contain.

It is said that Postmaster Creswell will assume the presidency of the Hagerstown National Bank, which has been authorized to change its name and location to Washington.

GENERAL FLEURY was reprimanded by General Cissey in the French Assembly for showing attentions to the Prince Imperial on the occasion of the Czar's visit to Woolwich, England.

CONGRESS passed a bill granting the Fairmount Park Association of Philadelphia twenty condemned brass cannons, to be used for the proposed equestrian statue of General Meade.

If a reservoir should burst up in Vermont and carry away ten or a dozen Republican candidates for Governor, there would still be enough left for three or four similar disasters.—*Boston Post*.

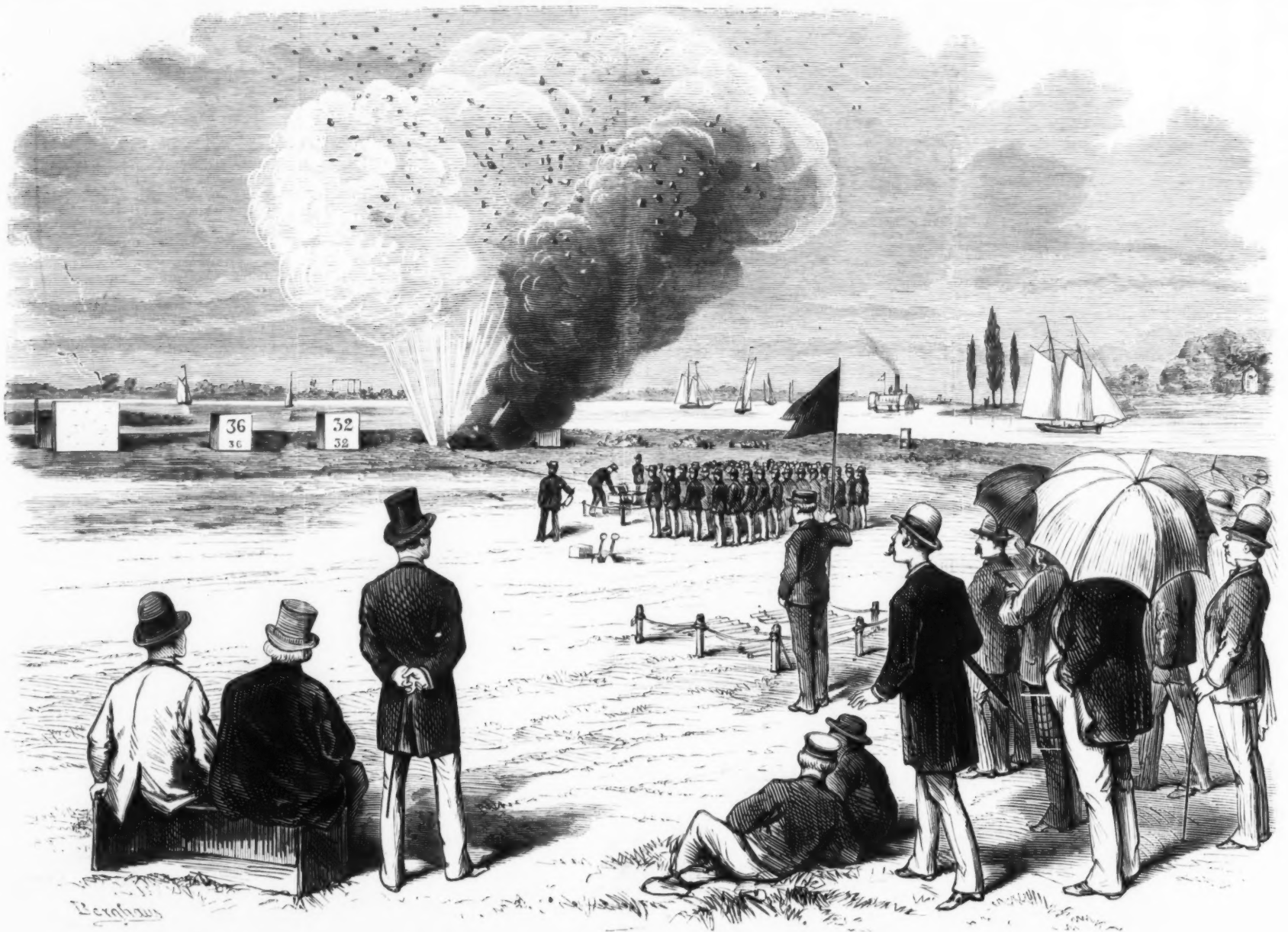
THE Evansville people are negotiating for the timber of the log cabin which was hewed by Abraham Lincoln. It is to be made into canes and sold to procure funds to erect a monument in honor of his mother.

THE REV. MR. CLEAVER, of Brooklyn, had fifty-six charges brought against him recently, all to the effect that he is a Baptist pastor, and owns a fast horse, a relative of Dexter, which he is accustomed to drive at a spanking pace on the road to Coney Island.

GRACE DARLING's tomb is in a ruined condition. There are some living even within sight of Longstone who have forgotten the "sweet, modest and unassuming girl," and take no interest in the moldering freestones that should remind Englishmen for many generations to come of a noble deed which was echoed through the land—applauded in palace and cottage—and was the theme of poet and painter.

THURLOW WREED found an old portrait of Horace Greeley, which he called an excellent portrait. After gazing at it for some minutes, with so much emotion that the tears came to his eyes and ran down his cheeks, the veteran said, with a broken voice: "That is exactly his look as it was when I knew him thirty years ago. If I had not forgiven him in my heart and asked to be forgiven before he died, I should forget all the differences that have been between us, as I look on this sweet, honest, noble face of the man whom I have so sincerely honored and truly loved. The face calls back all the past and makes me see, as I have never seen before, that a genuine friendship for a good and true man is worth all the empty glory the world can give."

A CORRESPONDENT who sailed on the *Baltic* with Nellie Grant Sartoris says she never left her stateroom but once on the passage. She came on deck for a few minutes one morning in a blue wrapper and white shawl, but before it was well known she was out, she had disappeared again. Mr. Sartoris did not share this seclusion, but was around most all the time. He said his wife was "not sea-sick, but home-sick." Poor Nellie! we could all of us understand that she might be, for of all the dull youths who part their hair in the middle (and it's your dull youth who always does that), Mr. Albern Frederick and the rest of it Sartoris is the dullest. While we waited for our turn at the dock at Liverpool, he, with some others, went ashore and bought mutton pies, so that the first really good view of Nellie Grant we had after she came aboard was standing resting on her husband's fat arm, her eyes full of trusting affection, her heart full of confiding love, and her mouth full of Liverpool mutton pie.



EXHIBITION OF THE CORPS OF SAPPERS AND MINERS OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT AT WARD'S ISLAND.—DESTROYING WALLS.

THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT EXHIBITION ON WARD'S ISLAND.

THE New York Fire Commissioners are authorized by the law of 1873 to blow up buildings in case of a great conflagration. On Ward's Island experiments have recently been made by the members of the Fire Department, in the presence of Mayor Havemeyer, the President of the Boston Fire Commission, the heads of the Philadelphia and Brooklyn Fire Departments, and several other official representatives.

The guests had been invited to witness the destruction of a number of brick walls, ranging in thickness from eight to thirty-six inches, which had been erected on the north end of the Island. First, fifty pounds of powder were exploded against the surface of the twenty-inch wall, but the wall was not even fractured. Against the same structure a cube containing six pounds of dynamite—a new compound of fuller's-earth and nitro-glycerine—was exploded by a battery, and the bricks were reduced to powder.

Cartridges an inch in diameter were placed against other brick erections, and exploded with a similar result; and finally the entire range of foundations was all blown up with a shock that made the lunatics in the neighboring asylum shriek with fear, while the sailors on the sloops and schooners floating in the Sound tacked to avoid, as they thought, certain destruction.

Every person present was satisfied that dynamite was the best and most destructive agent in case of a great fire.

The above view is an accurate illustration of the experiments.

MEMORIAL MONUMENT AT SAVANNAH, GA.

WE picture the beautiful Memorial Monument now building in the cemetery of the Confederate dead, at Savannah, as it will appear on its completion. The corner-stone was laid with imposing ceremonies on June 16th.

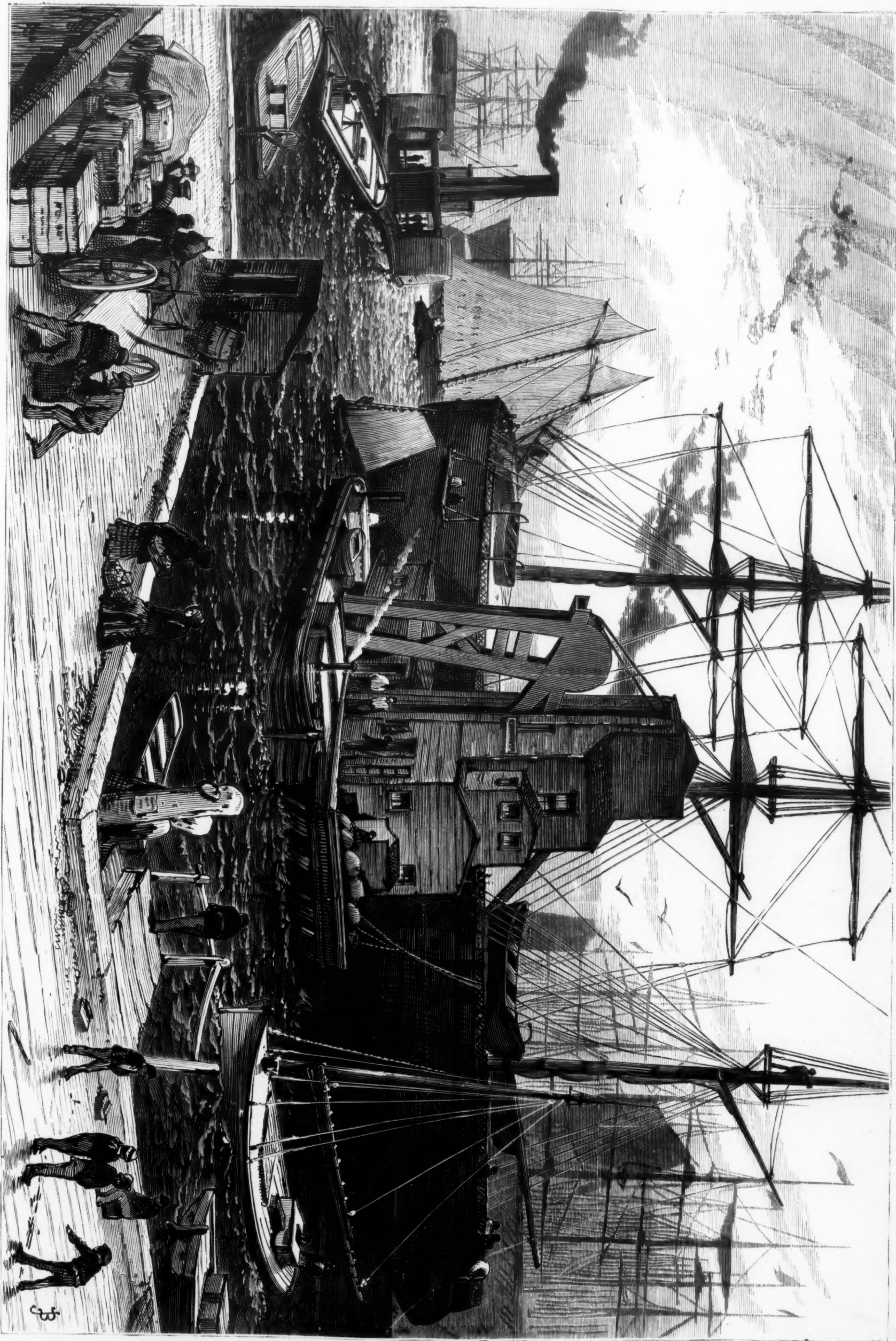
According to the drawings, the monument rests on a



MEMORIAL MONUMENT AT SAVANNAH, GA.—SKETCHED BY W. W. MYERS.



* DISTANT VIEW OF MOQUI, AN AZTEC CITY OF ARIZONA.—SEE PAGE 302.



GRAIN TRANSPORTATION.—SCENE AT NEW YORK CITY.—AN ELEVATOR TRANSFERRING GRAIN FROM A CANAL-BOAT INTO A EUROPEAN STEAMER.—SEE PAGE 299.

terrace forty feet square by six feet high, and approached on all sides by solid granite steps; from the terrace to head of surmounting figure it is fifty-six feet, with thirteen feet six inches at base. The surmounting figure represents the Resurrection; the centre figure is that of Silence, which stands in a chapel; four soldiers guard the base. This is considered the handsomest memorial monument in the South; it is to be made of marble, and will cost about \$24,000.

DISTANT VIEW OF AN AZTEC CITY.

A FEW weeks ago we gave a sketch of one of these singular cities in the great Southwest, showing the Indian cattle-pens under the walls, and the cell-like habitations beyond. In this issue we publish a view of another city in the same region; but the scene is more picturesque, reminding one of an old German castle. Indians are shown in the foreground, and the moon rising out of the desert in the distance makes the scene charmingly weird.

TWINKLING OF STARS.

OF late years the subject of the twinkling of stars has engaged a good deal of attention, and some interesting results have been obtained. A few years ago the Italian astronomer Respighi announced the discovery of the cause of scintillation in certain dark bands which were seen to traverse the spectrum of a star, indicating changes in the refrangibility of our atmosphere, from hot to cold strata, which produce something of the effect of a passing mirage. A layer of hot air would bend the rays less than the colder and denser air around, and thus the star's light would not reach the observer, rays which traversed the hot stratum passing over his head, and those which traversed the cold air below being bent so as to fall beneath his feet. As the rays of different colors are differently bent in their passage through the air (the real rays being least refracted,) different parts of a star's spectrum would be thus cut off in succession, as the relative temperatures of the layers of air varied. Arago's not very lucid explanation of the phenomena, as a result of the interference of light, is in this way completely disposed of.

M. Montigny, of Brussels, has been investigating the amount of scintillation in different stars by the help of an ingenious contrivance, to which he gives the name of scintillometer. His plan is to make use of the persistence of impressions on the retina, by causing a thick plate of glass, mounted obliquely on an axis parallel to that of the telescope used, and fixed just in front of the eye-piece, to rotate rapidly; the effect of this is to displace the star's image, so that, owing to the varying inclination of the glass plate, the stars appear to move in a circle, which (if the rotation is rapid enough, three or four times in a second) forms a continuous circle of light, just as in the case of a burning stick whirled rapidly. The changes in the color of a star will be seen on this circle, the successive points of which give the appearance of the object at successive small fractions of a second; and in this way, by counting the alterations of color in the circumference of this circle of light, M. Montigny has succeeded in observing nearly two hundred alterations of color in a second of time.

The point sought to be established was the connection between these changes and the constitution of the stellar light, for it is easy to see that rays which are deficient cannot be acted on by undulations of the atmosphere, and that there will therefore be fewer changes of color the more dark bands there are in a star's spectrum. Now Secchi has divided the stars of which he has examined the spectra into four types, and M. Montigny has observed the scintillations of stars belonging to three of these types; viz., bluish white stars exhibiting four black lines in their spectrum, yellow stars, like our sun, showing numerous fine dark lines; and orange stars, which have a spectrum somewhat resembling a colomnade. As far as the results obtained by M. Montigny go, it seems that the greatest amount of twinkling is to be found in the first type (white stars), and the least in the third type (orange stars), and that the mere brightness of the star has no influence on the phenomena. But the principle of combining observations of different nights without any further correction, on which M. Montigny has acted, is highly objectionable, and destroys our confidence in his conclusions. The proper way of treating such measures is to arrange the stars in sequences representing the order of scintillation, just as Sir John Herschel formed sequences of brightness as a basis for his standard magnitudes of stars.

PERSEVERANCE, dear my lord, keeps honor bright. To have none is to hang quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail in monumental mockery.—*Shakespeare.*

APPLAUSE waits on success; the fickle multitude, like the straw that floats along the stream, glide with the current still and follow fortune.—*Franklin.*

THE chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense and good breeding.—*Addison.*

POETRY is music in words, and music is poetry in action, both excellent sauce; but they have lived and died poor who have made them their meat.—*Fuller.*

LET a man keep the law, any law, and his pathway will be strewn with satisfaction. There is more difference in the quality of our pleasure than the amount.—*Emerson.*

WITH stupidity and sound digestion man may front much. But what in these dull, imaginative days are the terrors of conscience to the disease of the liver?—*Carlyle.*

HAD I a dozen sons—each in my love alike—I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.—*Shakespeare.*

MR. KINGLAKE's fifth volume of the "Invasion of the Crimea," although the last volume, will not finish the war. The historian stops with the battle of Inkermann, his subject being too vast on the minute scale projected, to permit him to go through.

THERE may be seen at the bookstore of H. H. Moore, in San Francisco, a commission written on parchment, signed by Napoleon the Great, as First Consul, and the Minister of War and Secretary of State of the Consulate, and headed "Departement de la Guerre, Republique Francaise," and dated in the eleventh year of the Republic (1803.)

THEY tell a queer story about the doctors in a certain Texas town who were all away last Summer, to attend a medical convention. They were absent about two months, and on their return found their patients had recovered, the drug stores had closed, the nurses had opened dancing-schools, the cemetery was cut up into building lots, the undertakers had gone to making fiddles, and the hearse had been painted and sold for a circus-wagon.

FUN.

FIRST IRATE FEMALE—"I'd hate to be in your shoes!"

Second ditto—"You couldn't get in them!"

THE fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg. The wise man leteth the job out to the lowest bidder.

AN amorous swain declares he is so fond of his girl that he has rubbed the skin from his nose by kissing her shadow on the wall.

A CHICAGO newspaper has ascertained that, in the opinion of the bootblacks of that city, "strawberries ain't nothin' ter klams."

"For a young woman to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat-collar," is said to be the first symptoms that the young man is in peril.

A RETURN emigrant-wagon passed through Cedar Falls, Iowa, last week, bearing the expressive and euphonious title, "D—n the grasshoppers."

THE Worcester Press speaks of a contemporary who hires a small boy to come in at intervals, with a step-ladder, and dust off the tops of his ears.

A ST. PAUL locomotive threw a man 180 feet through a trestle work bridge and didn't hurt him, which is another recommendation for Western climate.

FIRST SENIOR—"When was the war of 1812?"

Second Senior (after meditation)—"By Jove, I've forgotten that again! I'll put it down and ask my tutor."

"THINK of it, Mr. Bolbs, the United States drinks \$90,000,000 worth of spirits every year!"

Bolbs (excitedly)—"How I wish I was the United States!"

"WHAT becomes of dogs when they die?" was what a juvenile in Burlington asked his pa.

"They go to the happy land of canine," his parent quickly replied.

A BRIDAL pair were easily recognized on the train by the comfort they took in making room for a third person on a seat that was only intended to accommodate two.

"WHAT shall it profit a young man if he wear a cane and a button hole bouquet as large as a dinner plate, if his optics are not built to stand a pair of spring eye-glasses?"

THE witty wife of a noted practicing physician advised her husband to keep away from the funerals of his patients, as it looked too much like a tailor carrying home his own work.

WHEN a devoted wife holds her husband out at arm's length by his ear, and says she wouldn't crush a worm, he realizes, all at once, how fearfully and wonderfully women are made.

AN Albany man who was demonstrating to a crowd that there was no such thing as hydrophobia was the first to shun up a barber's pole when a small yellow dog came rushing down the street.

"AN, Bishop, what a heavenly sermon that was of yours, last Sunday, about worldliness and the vanities of the flesh—it nearly made me cry! And I say, Bishop, how hard it hit you and me?"

AN Indian's application for whisky at the commissariat is thus described: "Me want drink whisky. Me good Indian." Replied the commissary: "Then you don't want whisky. Good Indian's don't drink whisky."

Promptly responded Lo: "Me damn rascal."

THE St. Joseph (Kan.) Herald, speaking of the progress of that city, says: "Where a few short years since the child of the forest swung his tomahawk and raised the battle cry, within the precincts of this now busy city, the civilized hog is swinging around seeking what he may devour."

"HI! WHERE did yez get thim trowsers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trowsers on. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon."

"WOULD my little son like to be a missionary, and go preach to the poor heathen?" Tears—bright pearly drops of feeling—glistened in little Ezra's eyes, as he muttered: "Naw, I wouldn't; but I'd like to be on the perlice long enough to put a tin roof on the big lummux that stuck shoemaker's wax on my seat to-day."

AN individual lately committed suicide in a Parisian hotel. His headless body was found in his room, together with a letter containing the following bewildering statement: "I was bored, and killed myself. Let no one be accused of my death. Do not look for my head; I have hidden it myself in order not to be recognized."

A LADY was recently engaging a new cook, and had apparently settled details satisfactorily, when the domestic inquired, "How many other servants do you keep, ma'am?" "Two," was the reply. "Oh, then, your place won't suit me, ma'am, as I always like a game of whist of an evening, and I don't like playing with a 'dummy'."

RECENTLY, at a church fair, a large and frosted cake was offered to the person who should guess nearest to the correct weight, at ten cents a guess. The pastor of the church urged a young lawyer to invest a dime. The practitioner replied: "I'll play you a game of euchre to see who gets the cake, but I don't understand the other game."

A MAN in a rural town had a pet calf, which he was training up in the ways of an ox. The calf walked around very peaceably under one end of the yoke, while the man held up the other end. But in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke, to let the calf see how it would seem to work with a partner; this frightened the calf, and elevating his tail and his voice, he struck a "dead run" for the village, and the man went along with head down and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice: "Here we come! Head us, somebody!"

FORTUNE'S FAVORS.

DAME FORTUNE has the reputation of being both fickle and partial in the distribution of her favors, but she has heretofore presided over the distribution of gifts of the grand concerts of the Public Library of Kentucky, she has shown herself both reasonable and impartial. The first grand capital gift of the first concert went to Jno. R. Duff, of the city of Memphis; the next capital gift, at the second drawing, went to a club at Columbus, Ind.; Mr. Keith, of Massachusetts, got the \$100,000 cash prize of the third drawing, while the capital of \$250,000 at the last drawing was sold in coupons and judiciously divided by Madame Fortune. The next and last grand concert comes off on the 31st of July, and again the capital prize will be \$250,000 in cash, with such other cash prizes as \$100,000, \$75,000, \$50,000, \$25,000, etc., etc., in all 20,000 prizes, and \$2,500,000 in cash, given away. There being one prize to every five tickets. Fortune's favors will be many and very valuable, and everybody in the land will want a chance at them.

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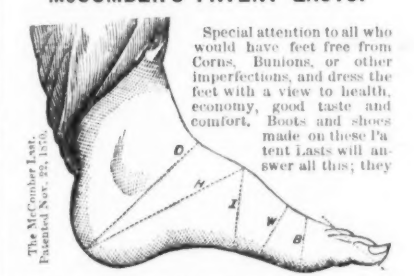
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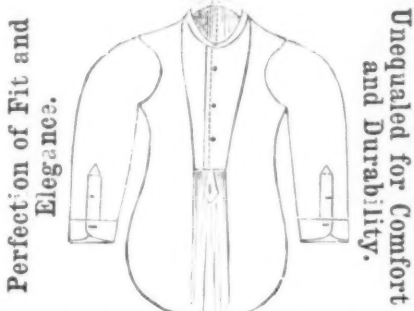
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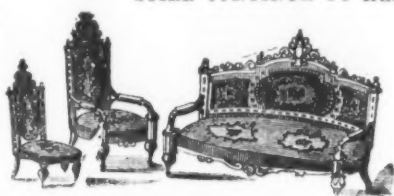
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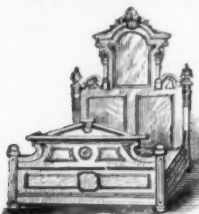
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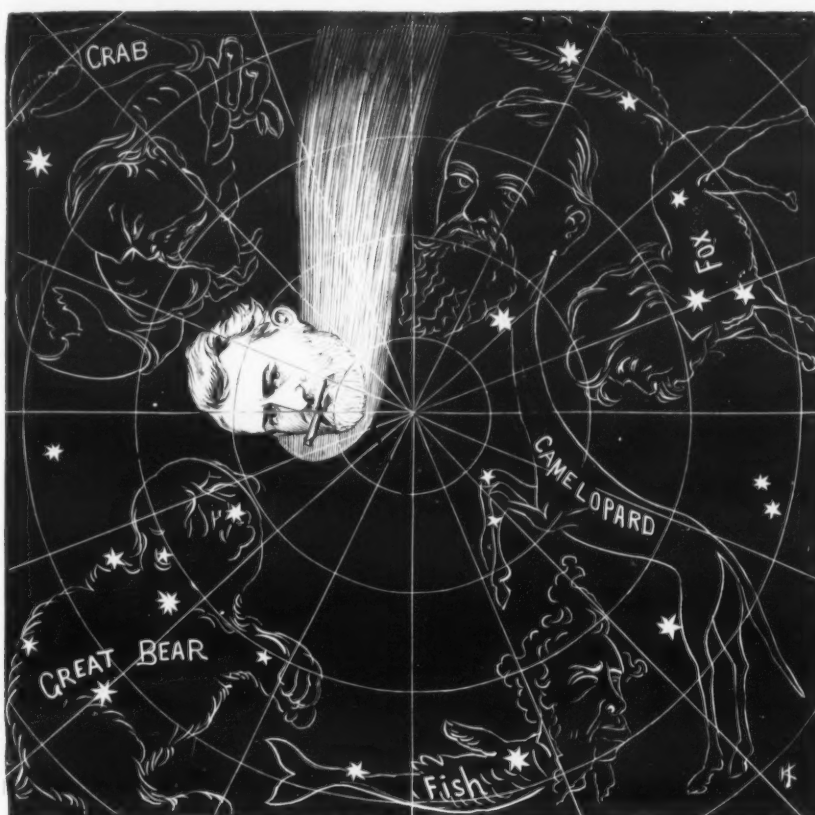
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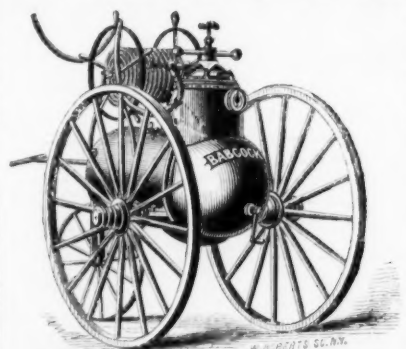
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